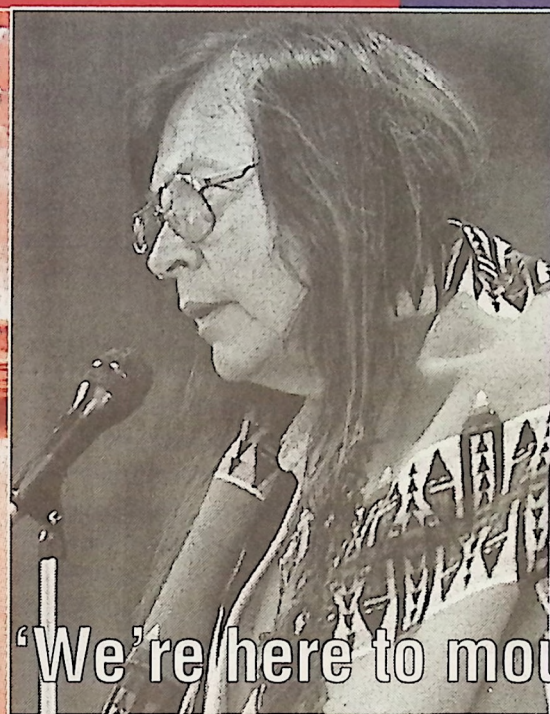
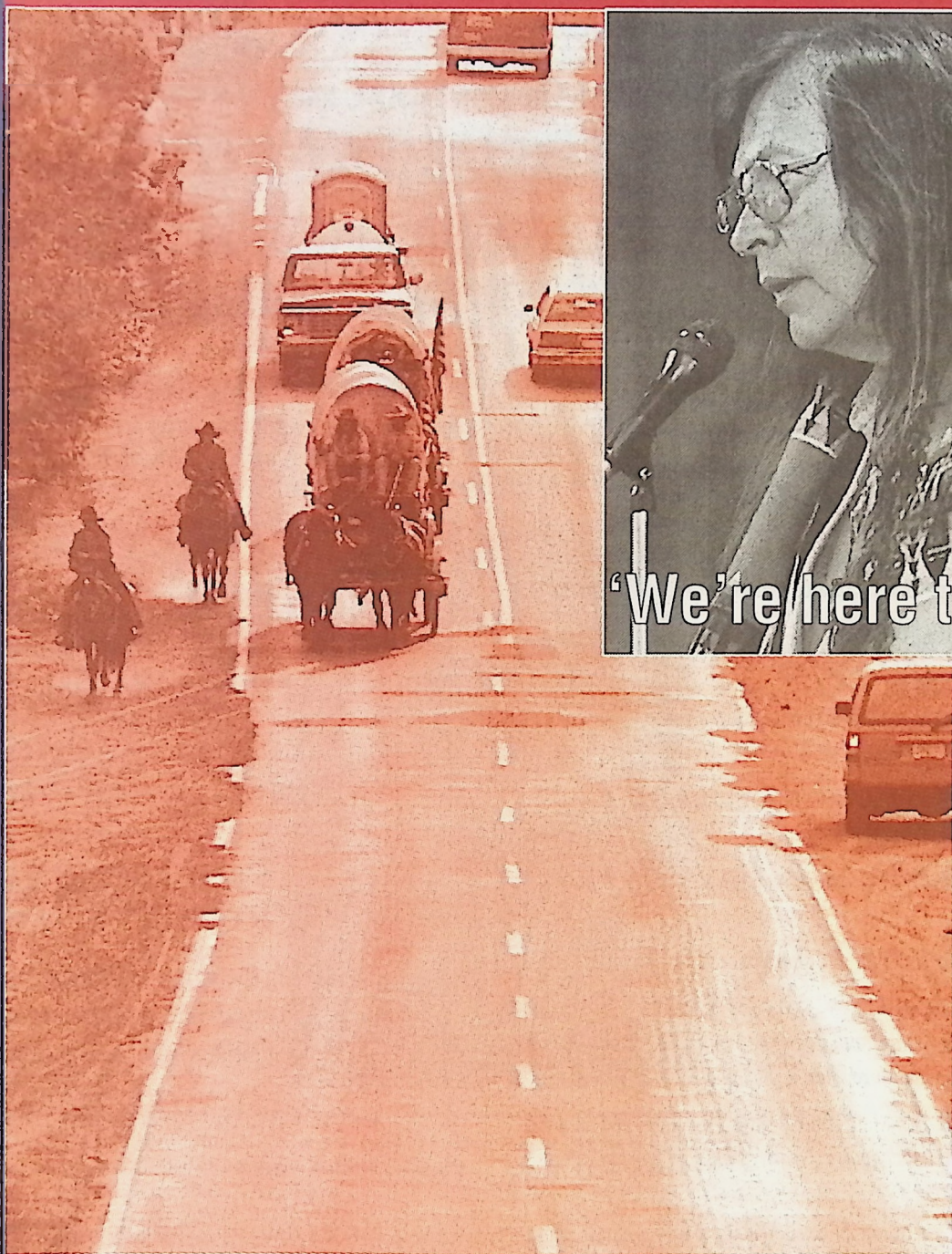


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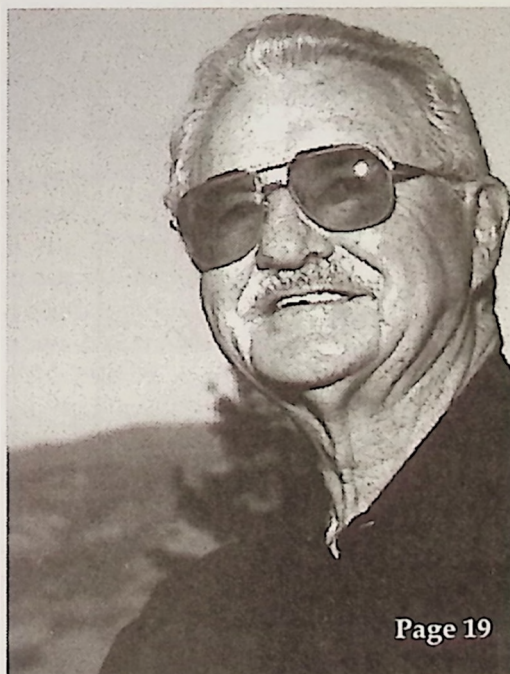
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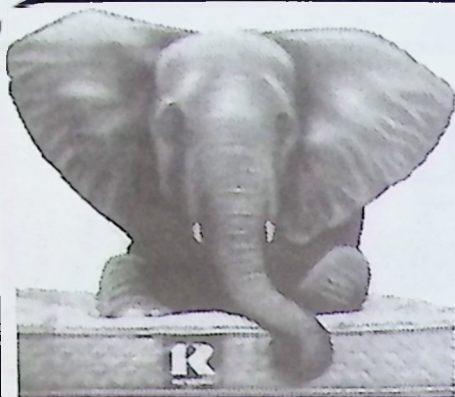
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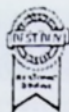
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Letters

Of forests and trees

As a JPR Listeners Guild member, I enjoy the *Jefferson Monthly* and look forward to receiving it each month. However, I was very disappointed by Kathleen Doyle's article about Orville Camp titled "Darwin of the Woods" [September]. The misleading and highly inaccurate information presented in this article is troubling.

I'm a forester for the Medford District of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. In my position, I'm responsible for the reforestation of BLM lands in the Grants Pass Resource Area. The BLM lands adjacent to Camp's property, as described by Doyle, are in the Grants Pass Resource Area.

Unfortunately, Doyle didn't take the time to check out the information given her by Camp. The result is a very misleading article that totally misrepresents the successful reforestation on these lands.

The caption under the picture on page 13 of your September issue says: "Harvested in 1981, this site never grew back, despite two replantings." This six-acre piece of ground, which isn't at all representative of the lands in this area, was actually harvested in 1989 and planted in 1990 [see top photo]. It's only been planted *once*, and is presently stocked with over 325 trees per acre.

The areas harvested in 1981 that Camp referred to were planted between 1982 and 1984 (most of them only once), and have been very successfully reforested. In fact, several of the units were recently thinned, because the reforestation was so successful that there were *too many trees* on the site! This is in stark contrast to Doyle's claim that on the BLM land across from Camp's property there's "an endless vista of ragged tree stumps," and to Camp's claim that on the same land "the remaining trees have pretty well died out since [the harvest]. They replanted it twice, but what's growing in there now is what nature put there."

I've enclosed some representative pictures of these sites for your infor-



Above: BLM site harvested in 1989 and replanted in 1990. Three-year-old trees are visible in foreground. Below: BLM site harvested in 1981 and replanted between 1982 and 1984. Photos by John Prendergast.



mation. Doyle, Camp, and your photographer Andy Cripe had to drive right by some of these sites to get to the spot from which the picture on page 13 of your September issue was taken. Yet no shots like these appeared in your article. Why? I'd be happy to take you on a tour of this area to show what's really representative of the BLM-managed lands referred to in the article.

Also, numerous references were made by Doyle to "traditional logging techniques favored by federal forest managers." Yet no reference was made to the ecosystem-based management principles on which the BLM's present forest-management plans are based. Again, why?

A cornerstone of professional journalism is that facts are checked out first before being reported. I support JPR because I've known and come to expect

that level of quality from its programs. Intentionally to mislead does a great disservice to all JPR members.

I realize government-bashing is in vogue right now. Yet the dedicated natural-resource professionals who work for the BLM — many of them JPR members — deserve better than to have their work misrepresented like this.

A response would be appreciated.

**John E. Prendergast
Medford**

Editor's note: The September photo of which John Prendergast complains was inadvertently miscaptioned, and we regret the error. However, Kathleen Doyle insists that the photo itself is representative of what she saw on the BLM land in question, and that the phrase "an endless vista of ragged tree stumps" is also accurate.

We asked Orville Camp to comment

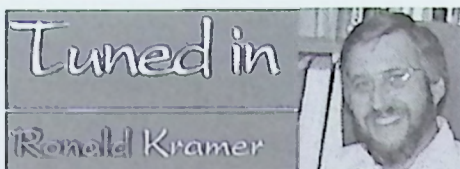
to the other charges in the above letter. Here's his reply.

"BLM forester John Prendergast completely misses the point, which is that sound forest-management practices should *never* leave the forest in the devastated condition shown in the photos accompanying his letter. Prendergast claims Doyle's article 'totally misrepresents the successful reforestation efforts on these lands,' but in reality it's Prendergast who's guilty of the misrepresentation.

"True, to restore the forest it liquidated, the BLM has planted trees. But a tree plantation isn't a forest. A forest is an ecosystem in which trees predominate. It consists, not just of trees, but of many other living and nonliving things and their relationships. So that the BLM can by no means credit itself with 'reforestation' for converting a forest it's wiped out into a tree plantation that will never be sustainable unless nature can restore the rest of the liquidated ecosystem. And even if nature is successful, it'll take a hundred years for this 'forest' to regain its original ecological values. Only it doesn't require much of an education to see that the conversion of forests to tree plantations isn't working. Nature often doesn't even like the trees foresters plant and instead replaces them with what's more appropriate for the particular site. It'll be a very long time before we know whether nature can convert a tree plantation into a sustainable forest.

"Prendergast's arguments rest on the *anthropocentric* approach to nature — that is, on the egotistical idea that man shall have dominion over every living thing. But this is a fundamental problem with our society, and a leading cause of its social and economic woes. To fix forestry, we need to change over to an *ecocentric* approach, under which nature is left to determine which trees have the best genetic traits and to select for removal those that don't. Under this approach, habitat is retained for all associated species, such as the spotted owl.

"Finally, there's one error in Doyle's article I'd like to correct. Mine is a *forest* farm, not a tree farm. Otherwise Doyle did an excellent job. Let's hope that, as the public gets the message, the BLM will begin to manage our forests in a better way."



They can't get over JPR

MENTION JEFFERSON Public Radio to broadcasters elsewhere in the country, and don't be surprised if they shake their heads.

What we've managed to accomplish over the years from our base in a rural area hundreds of miles from the nearest big city is a source of wonder to others in the industry — and the more so when they reflect on our very modest beginnings.

For those of you who may not be familiar with our history, we started out as a tiny ten-watt station, KSOR, that played Montovani, Top 40 and progressive rock, and three hours a day of classical music. And doubtless we'd have remained locked into that format if Southern Oregon State College, which owns KSOR, hadn't believed so strongly in our potential that it gambled we could build something very special even in the midst of very difficult financial conditions in higher education.

In the ensuing years, KSOR raised its transmitter power, and became Fine Arts Public Radio, offering classical music, jazz, and news.

We also installed the largest network of translators in public radio, one that enabled us to become a regional service for southern Oregon and northern California.

Later, we began building other radio stations, to protect our listeners against some frequency encroachments. We also acquired an AM station in Ashland by donation from Perry Atkinson, and another, KAGI in Grants Pass, from Bill and Patsy Smullin of KOBI; and we changed our name to Jefferson Public Radio to identify the entire group of these stations.

Finally, in 1991, when we had a network of eight stations and 34 translators, we took the step of breaking JPR up into three totally separate program services.

•Our Classics and News Service

offers classical music, local news, and national news from National Public Radio over KSOR (KSRS in Roseburg).

•Our Rhythm and News Service, heard over KSMF locally and over four other stations scattered between Coos Bay and Redding, offers jazz, folk music, blues, and news programming.

•KSJK-AM in Ashland is home to our News and Information Service, which provides news and public-affairs programming 18 hours a day.

Thus, between our three separate services, we now offer a total of 294 hours of programming a week, broadcast from our studios in Ashland to more than 50,000 listeners spread over 13 counties in two states. This is a highly improbable thing to have happened in a region widely perceived as financially strapped and off the beaten track. What made it possible, however, was our location in Ashland and the dedication of our staff. No other public broadcaster I know can figure out how we at JPR manage to do so much with a staff of just 13.

SOME LOCAL people occasionally criticize us for having built translators that provide service outside the Rogue Valley. To them, this smacks of "expansion." What they forget is that these translators were all sought and paid for by the communities involved, and that their construction was part of a fiscal strategy necessary to our survival.

It's also important for local listeners to remember that people in the other communities we serve feel as deeply about public radio as they do.

•In Crescent City, where in 1981 we installed our first translator, the project was initiated by the city manager and a local doctor, who worked together with the Soroptimist Club to raise the necessary \$3,000.

•In Roseburg, the idea of bringing public radio to town originated with Umpqua Community College president Bud Haakinson, who persuaded the Douglas County board of commissioners to fund the cost of our three translators.

•In Coos Bay, Southwest Oregon Community College president Jack Brookins enlisted the support of the editor of the local newspaper, and together they raised the necessary funds to bring public radio to their

community as a Christmas present in 1981.

In February 1977, when KSOR signed on its first high-power transmitter, the front page of the "Tempo" section of the *Medford Mail Tribune* ran a picture of our control room over the caption: "Now the entire Rogue Valley can hear KSOR." In connection with that milestone, we thought we owed the community a statement of our purposes, so in March 1977 I wrote:

"KSOR presents programming for 'foreground' listening. We're not like the wallpaper in your living room, a part of the background, something vaguely sensed but not commanding your attention. We seek to interest, educate, and entertain you with programs not to be found on other stations. We try to fill the gaps in cultural resources in our community and provide programming other local stations can't."

Sixteen years later, we continue to pursue those goals.

One of the biggest programming changes we made in the last decade came in October 1986, when we began our daily coverage of local and regional news. This had long been one of the most frequently requested additions to our schedule, but it was frightfully expensive for us to start. As I wrote at the time:

"We're launching news with modest resources for the task of covering 13 counties. [Nevertheless] we're going to try hard to bring you the best, most comprehensive reports on our region that we can. . . . In the years to come [we intend to] build a news-program service that we fully anticipate will prove every bit as vital and important to our listeners as our other areas of endeavor."

WHETHER WE'VE lived up to this promise is of course for you to decide. But we're proud to point out that the *Jefferson Daily* is today the region's only half-hour daily radio newsmagazine, and that it's been augmented with the *Jefferson Exchange* and *Talk of the Town*, two weekly programs that provide a valuable forum for discussion of the issues facing our community.

In 1982, the Oregon Symphony was designated a "major symphony" by the American Symphony Orchestra League.

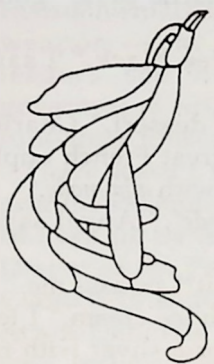
What had once been little more than a semi-pro ensemble was now recognized as qualified to play in the big leagues with the Chicago Symphony and the New York Philharmonic. When I heard of this impressive success, I was impelled to observe in our program guide that the story of the Oregon Symphony was in a certain sense the story of KSOR as well.

"We've never expected KSOR to be simply a radio station in a small area," I wrote. "We've always, with your support, sought to achieve levels of excellence and goals of major scale. [And] this vision has made possible achievements that seemed impossibly grand to us only a short time ago.

"We remain committed," I added, "to providing public-radio service to those who lack it, to creating new and different programs to serve ever-changing needs, and to refining our present endeavors."

Those words written 11 years ago continue to summarize our approach in 1993.

Ronald Kramer is Jefferson Public Radio's director of broadcasting.



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Shut up and eat

WE'RE INVITED now and then to Charlie's place for dinner. His wife, Angel, has taken night-school courses in gourmet cooking, and Charlie considers us guinea pigs. He could leave out the guinea. Angel is good at haute cuisine and, when I go to their place, I pig out.

Charlie has tried to master the lingo that goes with the food, but he has small French and less Italian. A meal at his house is a comedy of words.

"How about a little of this here oh juice?" he asks. To him, *au jus* is gravy.

"It's just *jus*, Charlie, not *juice*," Angel says. She pronounces it *zhoo*, as the French do. "When you say *au jus*, you mean 'with the juice'."

When I see food before me, I like to get down to it and not worry too much about the fine points of usage. So I try to get my order in quickly.

"Sure, Charlie, I'll have the *boeuf au jus*."

He serves the beef, ladling some of the *jus* over it. He's standing beside me, a napkin over his forearm, and serving with the flourish of an accomplished *garçon de cuisine*. His manner belies his words, though. He offers my wife some "potatoes with oh grottin."

Angel puts him straight again. "Not 'with *au gratin*,' Charlie. The *au* means *with*, so you're saying *with twice*."

"It's worth saying twice," I tell her. "I'll have some too." Charlie serves the potatoes. No matter how you say it, they're delicious.

It's a balmy evening, and Angel has set the table on their patio under the open sky. The setting makes the food taste all the better.

"I was going to serve this stuff from the *a la carte*," Charlie says, "but the cart is broken." He laughs, a hint that he probably knows what *a la carte* means.

"Hope you don't mind being out here in the *al fresco*," he says, taking his seat. "Personally, I really like eating in the oh natural."

"That's doubletalk, Charlie."

Angel is after him again, explaining that *al* is Italian and *au* is French and both mean "in the," so he shouldn't say "in the *au naturel*."

"And it's pronounced nah-too-rell," she says, "not *natcherul*." She smiles at me and my wife. "The cooking school teaches us some French and Italian."

"Next year they'll teach Japanese," Charlie says. "She's going to learn to cook sushi."

Angel looks at him, not too patiently. "You don't cook sushi, Charlie. It's raw fish."

"You're kiddin'," Charlie says.

ANGEL'S BROCCOLI is perfect, *al dente*, not overdone. She offers a second helping, and my wife and I both go for it. We look at each other, smiling, realizing that we're pigging out. It's simple indulgence, *al fresco*, or as Charlie would say, *au naturel*. At that moment, I can't remember the French for indulgence.

"Hey, you folks want oh lay with your coffee?"

"Ole!" I say, snapping my fingers above my head like a flamenco dancer. My wife gives me a look.

"He means do you want *café au lait*."

"Yeah, cream," Charlie says, "good old oh lay."

"I'll take the coffee black," I say. "Good old oh noir."

"Wait'll you taste dessert," Charlie says. "Angel has a great French apple pie. I hope you like it with a *la mode*."

"Not 'with a *la mode*,'" Angel says. "Leave out the *with*."

"How do you want it?" he asks me.

"I'll have mine with ice cream," I tell him. My wife asks for a sliver with no ice cream.

"Shagoon to his own gout," Charlie says, and leaves to bring the dessert. I'm sure he means "each to his own taste," though he makes it sound more like an inflamed great toe.

My wife compliments Angel on the superb dinner and asks about signing up for a course in French cuisine.

While Charlie is still in the kitchen, I say to Angel, "By the way, *au naturel* sometimes has another meaning."

"I know, but don't tell Charlie," she says. "He'd want to take off his clothes."

Wen Smith's Speaking of Words is heard on the Jefferson Daily every Monday afternoon, and on KSOR's First Concert Saturdays at 10 a.m.

Earth First planning Siskiyou showdown

IF THE CLINTON Administration's forest plan goes into effect, watch for Earth First to mount a major campaign of civil disobedience in the Siskiyou National Forest next year.

"From here on, we're just basically organizing for next summer," says Steve Marsden, a longtime Earth First activist based in Takilma. "We're not letting them cut those trees."

According to Marsden, Earth First's intervention became inevitable in October, when 12 mainstream environmental groups "sold out" the forests by agreeing to release 54 timber sales from a federal court injunction.

True, the 12 groups received in exchange for their cooperation a promise from the administration to oppose any effort by Congress to exempt logging on federal lands from environmental lawsuits. But Marsden believes that promise is hollow, and that the mainstream groups' apparent acceptance of the essence of Clinton's forest plan — which would cut harvests in the region to 1.2 billion board feet a year — shows how far out of sync they are with preservationist ideals.

Roadless Areas a Concern. Of particular concern to Earth First is the amount of the roadless area in the Siskiyou NF that would be open to logging under the Clinton plan. Marsden says the plan allows for road building and timber harvests in some of the largest expanses of old growth remaining in the forest. He'll also provide you with maps and photos indicating that much of the land that would be protected under the plan is already littered with clear-cuts and road networks.

Though Oregon State University professor K. Norman Johnson has shown that much of the logging that would take place under the Clinton Plan would be in old-growth forests

throughout the northwest, Marsden says the Siskiyou NF will be the center of protests because it contains the largest blocks of unprotected old growth, and because it's home to a remarkable array of plant and animal life.

A History of Disobedience. Non-violent civil disobedience is a standard tactic with Earth First, which was formed in the late 1970s by a band of environmentalists dissatisfied with the political compromises others were accepting.

In 1990, the loose-knit group sponsored a series of actions in northern California to protest the logging of redwood forests there. Several thousand people joined in those protests, which came to be known as "Redwood Summer," and Marsden — who was himself arrested while trying to block road-

building in the Siskiyou in 1983 [see "Bald Mountain Revisited," *Jefferson Monthly*, June 1993], predicts that next summer's protests in the Siskiyou will "make Redwood Summer look like a garden party."

Their Idea of Public Input. According to Earth First activist Spencer Lennard of Applegate, the action planned for the Siskiyou is his group's way of letting the government know what it thinks of the Clinton forest plan.

"This is part of our method of commenting," Lennard says drily.

Earth First isn't alone in its opposition to last month's agreement between the 12 environmental organizations and the Clinton administration on the release of timber sales totaling 83 million board feet.

Roy Keene of the Eugene-based Public Forestry Foundation says the

sales that would be released are in prime old-growth forests that should be left untouched.

Those sales, Keene argues, represent the old-style, discredited logging practices that produced the environmental crisis now facing the northwest.

Instead of continuing to liquidate 300-year-old trees, the government, in Keene's view, should be thinning young, overcrowded stands.

Mike Anderson, an attorney with the Wilderness Society — one of the 12 groups that agreed the 54 sales could go forward — concedes that the decision to release the sales was a difficult one that generated a lot of friction in the environmental community. But he also says most of the major environmental organizations remain united in their strategy.

"The groups that are opposing [the strategy] are fairly small," Anderson contends. "Some people might consider them fringe groups."

Industry Not Cheering. Contrary to what you might think, the agreement to release the 54 sales wasn't music to the ears of the timber industry. Since the agreement leaves at the disposal of the environmental groups their most potent weapon — the lawsuit — industry leaders see little hope that the government will be able to resume a substantial timber-sale program.

There wasn't much cheering either over the amount of timber that stands to be freed up by the agreement. To Mike Draper of the Portland-based Western Council of Industrial Workers, who recalls Clinton's promising in July that two billion board feet would be available by the end of the year, 83 million board feet — enough only to keep a medium-sized mill in business for a year — is "just a speck on the wall."

"It's nothing compared to what it's going to take to run our mills," the union leader says. "It's ludicrous."

Draper also charges that last month's agreement, viewed in combination with Clinton's forest plan, hands the environmentalists everything they want.

"Hell, they went to heaven without dying," he says.

Gordon Gregory covers the woods for the Grants Pass Daily Courier.

**Next
summer's
protests in
the Siskiyou
National
Forest will
make
Redwood
Summer
look like a
tea party,
Marsden
predicts**



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The sky

Richard Moeschl



Lucy, meet Ethel

TILL THE FIRST part of this century, most astronomers believed there was only one galaxy in the universe, the Milky Way.

True, in the 18th century, Immanuel Kant and Thomas Wright both argued that what were called nebulae were in fact galaxies. They failed to convince their colleagues, though, because these nebulae — of which the most famous is the Great Nebula, a fuzzy patch on the sheath hanging from Orion's belt — seemed, when viewed through the primitive telescopes of the time, to be just what their name suggests, clouds of interstellar dust (*nebula* is Latin for "cloud").

Now you might think that other galaxies, as vast collections of stellar

material stretching hundreds of thousands of light-years across, would be easy to discern — and they would be, but for the unimaginable distances that lie between them and us. Because of these distances, only telescopes with very high magnifications can make out the individual stars in, for example, the beautiful Andromeda galaxy, though it's one of the closest to the Milky Way. And so, through the lower-powered telescopes in use prior to this century, the fuzzy patch of stardust in the constellation Andromeda looked to astronomers like just another nebula.

Then, during the early 1900s, Edwin Hubble, armed with a powerful telescope, discovered that what we were seeing in Andromeda wasn't interstellar dust, but stars — no fewer than 100 billion of them. Hubble's telescope also revealed that Andromeda was a galaxy much like our own, seen tilted at a slight angle, rather than edge-on or from the top. Thanks to this angle, we can see the galaxy's gently spiraling arms and bright center of packed stars — a typical galactic shape.

THE ANDROMEDA galaxy is two million light-years away. To the average person, aware that light travels nearly six trillion miles in a single year, that may sound like a considerable hike, but, measured against the scale of the universe, it's scarcely more than a long jump. Moreover, Andromeda is one of 25 "nearby" galaxies clustered together with our own in space, in what's known affectionately as the Local Group. Many similar clusters are thought to exist throughout the universe.

Did you know the Andromeda galaxy is the most distant object visible to the naked eye?

To find it, look for the Great Square of Pegasus in the southeastern skies. Emerging from the top left corner of the square is the megaphone shape of the constellation Andromeda.

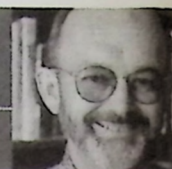
Now look for the three stars in a line that make up the widest part of the megaphone.

The top "star," a faint smudge of light, is our galactic next-door neighbor.

Richard Moeschl hosts the Milky Way Starlight Theater, heard on Jefferson Public Radio's Rhythm and News and News and Information services.

Nature notes

Frank Lang



Gobble, gobble

IT'S TO THE Americas that the world owes its largest domesticated gallinaceous bird — known familiarly around the dinner table as the turkey.

Quail, grouse, sagehens, pheasants, guinea hens, peafowl (as in peacocks), and chickens are all also gallinaceous birds, but, particularly at this time of year, they take a back seat to their larger cousin.

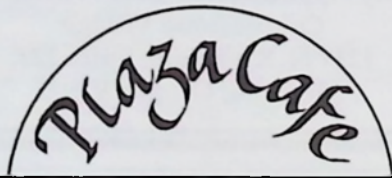
The turkeys of North America came to us in a roundabout way. Columbus may have seen them on one of his later voyages west, but Europeans probably first tasted them in the 1500s in Central America and Mexico, where the natives kept them. The Indians of the southwest may also have kept them, because dried carcasses found in the region have turned out to have crops — that is, gullets — full of maize and beans, both staples in the diet of domesticated turkeys. In any case, turkeys taken back to Spain bred readily in captivity, and soon crossed the Pyrenees to France, and the Channel to England. Emigrants from England then took the globe-trotting birds full-circle back to America.

Domestication has turned the turkey into the true bimbo of the bird world — big-breasted and not too bright. In this respect, however, it's quite different from the wild turkey, which is supernaturally alert and seems to have a knack for detecting the slightest motion and slipping silently away. Moreover, modern wild turkeys defy domestication. Peterson describes them as streamlined versions of their barnyard epigones.

A STRIKING THING about the turkey is its ability to change the colors of its naked head and neck from blue and red to purple and violet. The change is caused by the passage of blood through a subepidermal network of arteries, and depends on the turkey's state of mind, which, in the male, usually has to do with reproduction.

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The toms puff up and gobble and strut about with tail feathers erect, fan-like quills rattling, and head ornaments tumescent, in a display the hens find irresistible.

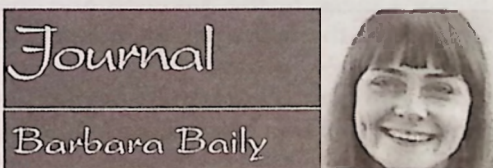
Wild turkeys are sociable birds, feeding together in flocks of ten to 40. They're fondest of mast — that is, acorns that have accumulated in abundance on the forest floor. Their powerful gizzards, which can reduce glass beads to powder in a moment, make quick work of acorns.

The wild turkey originally ranged from New England south through Florida, and from Central America west to parts of Arizona and New Mexico and north to South Dakota. Only recently has the turkey been introduced as a game bird in other areas of the west, including parts of southwest Oregon.

Contrary to popular belief, our custom of consuming turkeys at Thanksgiving wasn't common till the beginning of the 19th century. And did you know the noble and resourceful wild turkey would have been clutching the arrows on the Great Seal of the United States, if it hadn't lost out to the eagle by just one vote in Congress?

Make no mistake about it. It's no insult to call someone a turkey — not if you have the wild bird in mind.

Dr. Frank Lang's *Nature Notes* can be heard Fridays on the *Jefferson Daily* and Saturdays at 8:30 a.m. on JPR's *Classics and News Service*.



Sit down already

AND YOU THOUGHT they only asked for money. According to Paul Westhelle, associate director of broadcasting for marketing and development at Jefferson Public Radio — and hey, Paul, can you say all that in one breath? — your favorite public-radio station is running low in the equipment department and would welcome donations of the following items:

- A computer desk/stand, so they can get the computer in off the lawn before it starts snowing.

- Single-disc CD players and a cassette deck, so you can hear the Philharmonic playing Mozart instead of Pat Daley and Russ Levin whistling him.

- Stereo headphones, receivers, and speakers, so they can be sure what they're playing isn't Garth Brooks.

- Office chairs, just in case they want to sit down once in a while.

- A passenger car, so they can pick up Garth Brooks at the airport when he visits (and let him off at KRWQ).

If you can spare any or all of the above items, call Westhelle at 503-552-6301 — but he gets winded easily, so have mercy on him and don't ask him to tell you his job title.



IN THE MOOD for a zany comedy?

Clarence, by Booth Tarkington, first opened on Broadway in 1919, with Alfred Lunt and Helen Hayes in the leading roles.

I wasn't in the country at the time, so I never got to see it, but they tell me it's about a mysterious young World War I veteran who bumbles his way into the employ of an associate director of broadcasting for — oops, I mean of a powerful and successful businessman with a wacky family.

If like me you missed *Clarence* the first time around, you can repair the omission on Nov. 4 at 6:30 p.m. on the Dorothy Stolp stage of Southern Oregon State College, where a new production is being mounted by the SOSC theater department, under the direction of Robynn Rodriguez of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival.

And guess what — they'll feed you, too, since the format is dinner-theater. (The food won't be acting, though.)

If you can't make it on Nov. 4, additional performances are scheduled on Nov. 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, and 21. Tickets are \$20 for the general public, \$19 for senior citizens, and \$16 for SOSC students.

Hmm. If you're over 55 and in school, do you get in for 15 bucks?



THE AMERICAN CHAMBER PLAYERS will kick off the tenth-anniversary season of SOSC's Chamber Concerts at 8 p.m. on Nov. 19 at the SOSC Music Building

Recital Hall.

And, yes, they'll be playing chamber music. What did you think — they'd be playing football?

The ACP is no mean ensemble.

"One has to admire," says the *Baltimore Sun*, "not only the courage of their programming, but also their performances, which were intense, passionate, and accurate. The playing of the string players was opulent in tone, uninhibited in experience, and driving in rhythm."

I'm not sure what "uninhibited in experience" means, but I was once in Baltimore, and they talked kind of funny.

Anyhow, the ACP was founded in 1982 by violinist Miles Hoffman, who serves as artistic director. Way to go, Miles! In 1992, they performed in a series of special gala concerts in France at the Paris Opera and the Bibliotheque Nationale, and they've recorded the works of Mozart, Bruch, Block, Stravinsky, Harbison, and Rochberg (but presumably not Garth Brooks) on the Koch International Classics label.

The other members of the group besides Hoffman are violinist Elizabeth Adkins, horn player Anthony Cecere, cellist Jeffrey Solow, and guest pianist Edward Newman.

Following the ACP, this season's Chamber Concert series will feature the Emerson String Quartet on Jan. 15, the Cavani String Quartet on Feb. 13, and Andre-Michel Schub on March 6. Reserved seats for the four concerts are available for \$60, but, if you don't care where you sit, \$54'll get you in.

For more info, call 552-6154 from 10 to 2 Monday thru Friday. You can order tickets over the phone, if you haven't maxed out your major credit cards.

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For Native Americans,
the sesquicentennial of the Oregon Trail is . . .

Nothing to celebrate

BY KATHLEEN F. DOYLE

IF YOU'RE planning a party to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail, don't invite Vince Zinglo. Not that Zinglo isn't appreciative of historical occasions, but he's the sort of person who believes that, if you're going to remember the past, you should remember it *all*, and not just the good parts.

"We're here today, not to participate in your celebration, but to mourn our dead," Zinglo, of the Talent-based American Indian Cultural Center (AICC), told a camera-toting crowd at the Josephine County fairgrounds on October 6.

The crowd of several hundred had gathered in high spirits to cheer the arrival of the commemorative Applegate Wagon Train, but Zinglo, George Fence, and some 30 other Indians from the AICC were on hand to remind them that it wasn't only families in homespun who arrived on the wagon train's original, and that genocide was also aboard.

The fate of the indigenous peoples of southern Oregon was foreshadowed well before the first settlers appeared. In August 1840, a Methodist missionary named the Rev. Gustavus Hines wrote of the Indians he observed while exploring the region:

"I'm under the impression that the doom of extinction is suspended over this wretched race, and that the hand of providence is removing them to give



The Applegate Wagon Train on its way from Jacksonville to Grants Pass on October 6.

place to a people more worthy of this beautiful and fertile country."

That this beautiful and fertile country had been home to the "unworthy" Indians since 7,000 years before the birth of Christ was of course something that Hines couldn't have known. Still, one may be forgiven for doubting that the knowledge, in his case, would have made much of a difference, if he'd possessed it.

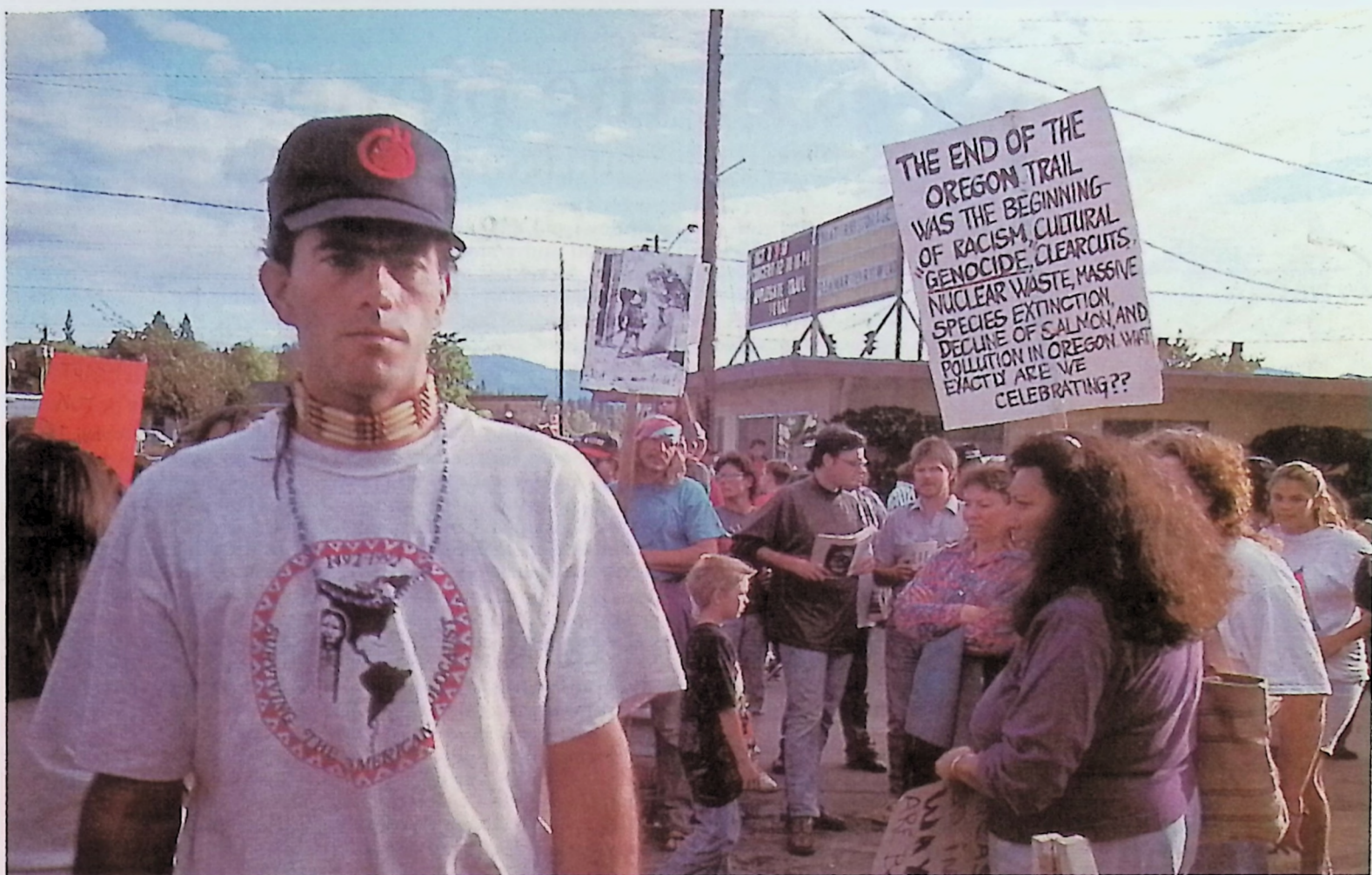
On Oct. 9, 1846, six years after Hines committed to writing his racist forebodings, their fulfillment arrived in the person of the first immigrants to enter the Rogue Valley by way of the Green Springs passage to Klamath Lake opened up by the Applegate brothers over the Cascades.

What did the coming of those covered wagons mean to the Takelma and the Tututni — the two tribes then resident in the valley?

"The beginning of the end," says Zinglo. "The Takelma and the Tututni shared some hunting grounds, mostly along the Rogue River, and they were both tribes that depended heavily on the river for subsistence. But the Tututni ranged more to the west, toward the coast. The Takelma were strictly inland and, because of that, in less than 20 years over 90 percent of them were dead, as a direct result of the Applegate Trail."

Death came for the Takelma not just in the form of bullets.

"The immigrants brought with them tuberculosis, influenza, and cholera — diseases totally unknown among the native people," Zinglo says. "And,



Vince Zinglo of the American Indian Cultural Center in Talent says that, within 20 years of the arrival of the first wagon trains via the Applegate Trail in 1846, 90% of the Takelma Indians were dead. Photo: Colin Carter

because these diseases arrived so abruptly, the Indians had no time to develop the sort of herbal remedies against them that they'd developed against other plagues."

In southern Oregon, there's no evidence that infectious diseases were introduced on purpose, but, according to Zinglo, the U.S. government wasn't above resorting to such barbaric tactics in other parts of the country.

"It's a well-known fact that, as part of a treaty settlement, the government gave the Lakota people of South Dakota blankets contaminated with the small-pox virus. That's one of the first recorded instances of germ warfare."

Another thing that militated against the survival of the Takelma and the Tututni was the character of the whites who took the Applegate Trail cutoff.

"Most of the people who followed the Oregon Trail into the Willamette Valley were farmers," Zinglo points out. "But, because of the different resources in our part of the state, those who headed

south were trappers, miners, and loggers.

"These were people who were constantly on the move, exploiting the resources of the region in a way that would have offended the Indians, with their reverence for the environment. The newcomers' mobility also left the Indians fewer places to retreat, so inevitably the number of hostile encounters multiplied."

One well-known clash dating from the early days of the pioneer settlements took place on Table Rock, near what's now Central Point. The victors called it a battle, but Zinglo, viewing history from the point of view of the vanquished, calls it a massacre.

"What happened was that the Jacksonville militia got drunk one night and rode out and attacked a peaceful village. Their sole object in attacking was to build up their military record. Documented incidents of this type occurred throughout the early history of the area."

ESTIMATES OF THE size of the native population at the time of the arrival of the first covered wagons vary widely, but Zinglo, relying on oral accounts passed down by the Indians, believes the number was quite large — larger even than the population of the valley today.

"Since the indigenous people were reduced within 20 years by almost 90%, you can get an idea of the overwhelming devastation that was done," he says.

Those inclined to doubt that the pioneers could have been so bloodthirsty are invited to consult the writings of the period. For example, in April 1847, Charles G. Pickett, the first appointed Indian agent for Oregon, sent the following letter of advice to the *Oregon Spectator*.

"Treat the Indians along the road kindly," Pickett wrote, "but trust them not. After you get to the Siskiyou Mountains, use your pleasure in spilling

Glimpses of the pioneers

AS WE LAY AROUND the fire after supper, a low and distant sound, strange enough amid the loneliness of the prairie, reached our ears — peals of laughter and the faint voices of men and women. For eight days we had not encountered a human being, and this singular warning of their vicinity had an effect extremely wild and impressive.

About dark a sallow-faced fellow descended the hill on horseback, and splashing through the pool, rode up to [our] tents. He was enveloped in a huge cloak, and his broad felt-hat was weeping about his ears with the drizzling moisture of the evening. Another followed, a stout, square-built, intelligent-looking man, who announced himself as leader of an emigrant party, encamped a mile in advance of us. About twenty wagons, he said, were with him; the rest of his party were on the other side of the Big Blue, waiting for a woman who was in the pains of child-birth, and quarreling meanwhile among themselves.

These were the first emigrants that we had overtaken, although we had found abundant and melancholy traces of their progress throughout the whole course of the journey. Sometimes we passed the grave of one who had sickened and died on the way. The earth was usually torn up, and covered thickly with wolf-tracks. Some had escaped this violation. One morning, a piece of plank, standing upright on the summit of a grassy hill, attracted our notice, and riding up to it, we found the following words very roughly traced upon it, apparently by a red-hot piece of iron:

Mary Ellis. Died May 7th, 1845. Aged two months.

Such tokens were of common occurrence. Nothing could speak more for the hardihood, or rather the infatuation, of the adventurers, or the sufferings that await them upon the journey.

We were late in breaking up our camp on the following morning, and scarcely had we ridden a mile when we saw, far in advance of us, drawn against the horizon, a line of objects stretching at regular intervals along the level edge of the prairie. An intervening swell soon hid them from sight, until, ascending it a quarter of an hour after, we saw close before us the emigrant caravan, with its heavy white wagons creeping on in their slow procession, and a large drove of cattle following behind. Half a dozen yellow-visaged Missourians, mounted on horseback, were cursing and shouting among them; their lank angular proportions, enveloped in brown homespun, evidently cut and adjusted by the hands of a domestic female tailor. As we approached, they greeted us with the polished salutation: "How are ye, boys? Are ye for Oregon or California?"

As we pushed rapidly past the wagons, children's faces were thrust out from the white coverings to look at us; while the careworn, thin-featured matron, or the buxom girl, seated in front, suspended the knitting on which most of them were engaged to stare at us with wondering curiosity. By the side of each wagon stalked the proprietor, urging on his patient oxen, who shouldered heavily along, inch by inch, on their interminable journey. It was easy to see that fear and dissension prevailed among them; some of the men — but these, with one exception, were bachelors — looked wistfully upon us as we rode lightly and swiftly past, and then impatiently at their own lumbering wagons and heavy-gaited oxen. Others were unwilling to advance at all, until the party they had left behind should have rejoined them. Many were murmuring against the leader they had chosen, and wished to depose him; and this discontent was fomented by some ambitious spirits, who had hopes of succeeding his place. The women were divided between regrets for the homes they had left and apprehension of the deserts and the savages before them.

We soon left them far behind, and fondly hoped that we had taken final leave; but unluckily our companions' wagon stuck so long in a deep muddy ditch, that before it was extricated the van of the emigrant caravan appeared again, descending a ridge close at hand. Wagon after wagon plunged through the mud; and as it was nearly noon, and the place promised shade and water, we saw with

much gratification that they were resolved to encamp. Soon the wagons were wheeled into a circle; cattle were grazing over the meadow, and the men, with sour, sullen faces, were looking about for wood and water. They seemed to meet with but indifferent success. As we left the ground, I saw a tall slouching fellow, with the nasal accent of "down east," contemplating the contents of his tin cup, which he had just filled with water.

"Look here, you," he said; "it's chock full of animals!"

The cup, as he held it out, exhibited in fact an extraordinary variety and profusion of animal and vegetable life.

ON THE EIGHTH OF JUNE, at eleven o'clock, we reached the South Fork of the Platte. . . . Far off, on the other side, was a green meadow, where we could see the white tents and wagons of an emigrant camp; and just opposite to us we could discern a group of men and animals at the water's edge. Four or five horsemen soon entered the river, and in ten minutes had waded across and clambered up the loose sand-bank. They were ill-looking fellows, thin and swarthy, with care-worn faces, and lips rigidly compressed. They had good cause for anxiety; it was three days since they first encamped here, and on the night of their arrival they had lost one hundred and twenty-three of their best cattle, driven off by the wolves, through the neglect of the man on guard. This discouraging and alarming calamity was not the first that had overtaken them. Since leaving the settlements, they had met with nothing but misfortune. Some of their party had died; one man had been killed by the Pawnees; and about a week before, they had been plundered by the Dahcotahs of all their best horses, the wretched animals on which our visitors were mounted being the only ones that were left. They had encamped, they told us, near sunset, by the side of the Platte, and their oxen were scattered over the meadow, while the band of horses were feeding a little farther off. Suddenly the ridges of the hills were alive with a swarm of mounted Indians, at least six hundred in number, who, with a tremendous yell, came pouring down toward the camp, rushing up within a few rods, to the great terror of the emigrants; but suddenly wheeling, they swept around the band of horses, and in five minutes had disappeared with their prey through the openings of the hills. . . .

The emigrants re-crossed the river, and we prepared to follow. . . . As we gained the other bank, a rough group of men surrounded us. They were not robust, nor large of frame, yet they had an aspect of hardy endurance. Finding at home no scope for their fiery energies, they had betaken themselves to the prairie; and in them seemed to be revived, with redoubled force, that fierce spirit which impelled their ancestors, scarce more lawless than themselves, from the German forests, to inundate Europe, and break to pieces the Roman empire. A fortnight afterward, this unfortunate party passed Fort Laramie, while we were still there. Not one of their missing oxen had been recovered, though they had remained encamped a week in search of them; and they had been compelled to abandon a great part of their baggage and provisions, and yoke cows and heifers to their wagons to carry them forward upon their journey, the most toilsome and hazardous part of which lay still before them.

It is worth noticing, that on the Platte one may sometimes see the shattered wrecks of ancient claw-footed tables, well waxed and rubbed, or massive bureaus of carved oak. These, many of them no doubt the relics of ancestral prosperity in the colonial time, must have encountered strange vicissitudes. Imported, perhaps, originally from England; then, with the declining fortune of their owners, borne across the Alleghanies to the remote wilderness of Ohio or Kentucky; then to Illinois or Missouri; and now at last fondly stowed away in the family wagon for the interminable journey to Oregon. But the stern privations of the way are little anticipated. The cherished relic is soon flung out to scorch and crack upon the hot prairie.

—Francis Parkman, Jr., *The Oregon Trail* (1849)

blood, but were I traveling with you, from this on to the first sight of the Sacramento Valley, my only communication with these treacherous, cowardly, untamable rascals would be through my rifle. . . . [S]elf-preservation here dictates these savages being killed off as soon as possible."

The Indians were of course no inferior hands at warfare themselves, and the historical record is by no means devoid of instances in which they're reported to have attacked whites "without provocation." But, as Zinglo tells it, the mere presence in the valley of outsiders avid to plunder its resources was, to the Indians, provocation enough.

"These people were defending their ancestral homeland. They didn't need a specific incident to provoke them to action."

TENSIONS BETWEEN the settlers and the native people culminated in the Indian Wars of 1855-56, in which battles were fought at Galice and other sites where recreationists now blithely float the Rogue River. But, for the Indians, the war merely prolonged the inevitable, defeat for them having become a foregone conclusion in 1850, when Congress, by means of the Donation Land Act, gave 320 acres to every settler over 18 who'd occupy a claim for four consecutive years. (Every settler's wife was entitled to 320 acres, too, provided the marriage took place before December 1851.) This princely piece of generosity — the only legislation ever to make an outright gift of western lands — caused the white population to climb past 35,000 by 1853. And the rapidly increasing number of land-hungry whites meant that the Indians had to go, to make room for the influx.

The invaders weren't long in coming up with a solution. In 1860, they set up the Siletz Reservation, to which, as Zinglo describes it, "all of the remaining Rogue River Indians were rounded up and marched overland, about 200 miles. A few people who had tribal status — chiefs — were taken by boat up the coast to Siletz. But the rest were herded there like animals."

The exodus all but finished the Takelma and the Tututni.

"At one time — based on the most conservative estimates — there were

10,000 of them," Zinglo says. "Today, though, each tribe has fewer than a hundred."

The decimation begun by disease and hardship at Siletz was completed by the General Allotment Act of 1887, which doomed the reservation Indian to poverty. Pushed for by land speculators, this infamous piece of legislation, also known as the Dawes Act, broke tribal holdings up into family-sized lots that were parceled out to individual members. The vast acreage left over was then declared surplus, and made available to whites. Of the 150 million acres owned by the Indians in 1880, the Dawes Act expropriated 90 million.

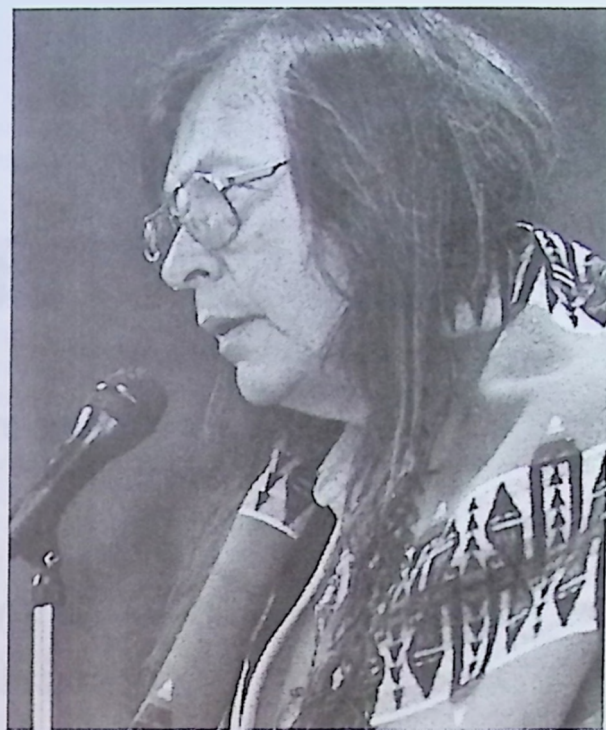
To be sure, the tragic fate of the Indians of Oregon wasn't just the result of mass displacement by incoming whites. The federal government played a critical part in it, too, stripping tribes of their political autonomy, using force to subject them, and deliberately attempting to destroy their culture, languages, and religion. Indeed, the ban on Indian religious practices imposed by the government in the 1890s remained in effect till the Native American Freedom of Religion Act passed in 1978.

"The reason these events have been neglected by historians is that they represent a darker truth," Zinglo says. "If they were fully depicted, a lot of the shine would be taken off the pioneers. They'd be tainted."

Still, Zinglo hasn't allowed his bitterness over the treatment of the Indians by the pioneers and their historians to drive him to the conclusion that all the immigrants were wicked.

"Without having been there, I can only speculate, but I'm sure some of those who came on the wagon trains were good-hearted people. And of course others would have been victims of the mind-set of the time. But the fact remains that there were also those whose sole object in coming was to get all they possibly could for themselves, without regard for the people who were here before them.

"What we'd like to see is the truth — the whole truth — told. If we're going to remember these events of historical significance, then let's not just celebrate,



George Fence of the American Indian Cultural Center speaking on October 6.

let's also mourn, because our people are dead.

"Our goal is long-term," Zinglo concludes. "We want the community to come to know, not just that the Indian people were wiped out, but that they lived in harmony with this land for 9,000 years, without harming it. Today, people are out there clear-cutting forests and desecrating the earth. It's not necessary. It's being done from greed alone. By educating people to the Indian perspective, we'll bring about a process of growth and eventually, we hope, a healing."

NOT EVERYONE at the Josephine County fairgrounds on October 6 was sympathetic to the message Zinglo, George Fence, and their companions from the AICC were determined to get across.

One woman, who proudly identified herself as a "native Oregonian," complained that the Indians, with their mournful drumming, chanting, and speechifying, were "irritating people more than anything else." But the Indians refused to yield their ground. As Fence told the crowd:

"The dust of the Applegate Trail has settled. But, were we to pick this dust up, we'd find Indian country."

A strange recovery

In Douglas County, they're still waiting for it to start trickling down

"While the 1979-1985 years were disappointing for wood-products manufacturers and workers alike, the net result may well have been a blessing in disguise for the survival and long-term health of the industry. Hundreds of inefficient sawmill, veneer, and plywood plants have been shut down. Others have been modernized and streamlined to achieve maximum return per unit of product. New products have been developed which require lower labor costs and cheaper raw materials, and result in a better value to the end-user. The net effect is a leaner, more productive and cost-effective industry. . . .

"One of the principal means of reducing costs, of course, is to lower wage rates."

—Development Report and Plan, CCD Business Development Corp., Roseburg, July 1986

I USED TO WORK for a white-haired old gyppo logger who taught me many things about living and working in southern Oregon. I remember one morning when he told me about the recession of 1958. We were taking a coffee break in the little two-man sawmill he'd built with discarded equipment and old truck parts. As he talked, we watched a sparrow building her nest in the rafters of the mill shed.

It was 1978, and timber-industry

wages and per-capita income levels in Douglas County, where I live, were at an all-time high.

"They used to call them panics," he said, "and then it was depressions, and nowadays they call them recessions, but it's all the same thing. Every time things get rolling good, to where there's lots of small outfits working, money gets tight and the bottom falls out of everything. Then, after the smoke clears, you look around and 'most all the little guys are gone, and the big outfits are bigger than ever."

That particular slump, back in '58, had cost him his home and his sawmill. He went to work in northern California as head sawyer of someone else's mill, and stayed a few years, long enough to gather up a grubstake and return home to begin again.

"A man does what he has to do to get by," he said.

IN 1982, DURING Ronald Reagan's experiment in supply-side economics — the "trickle down" recession — unemployment in Douglas County rose to 17.2%, and per-capita income dropped to 77.4% of the national level.

There are no 1982 figures available for the rate or amount of emergency food usage, because there was almost

no emergency food distributed in Douglas County. There were about 93,000 people living here then, as now, and they probably would have eaten nearly a million pounds of emergency food that year, as they have every year since. But there was no emergency food, only the need.

Actually, numbers, even if available, wouldn't tell the truth — not enough of it anyway. Besides, I don't trust numbers. People care about what they can understand in their hearts, and only machines, or perhaps machine-souled people, can take numbers into their hearts.

The tragedies of humanity are everyday tragedies. They can't be expressed as percentages or as issues. They're real and personal individual sufferings, and deserve to be spoken of in a way that numbers and jargon can't be used for. That's to say, one should tell the truth, something numbers and jargon never convey.

IN THE SPRING of 1982, I sat sharing a 49-cent quart of beer with a friend of mine. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning in the middle of the week, but neither of us had anything better to do. We were both out of work. He'd been laid off, and I'd been disabled by a fall from a house roof.

From the front porch of his rented mobile home, we could see across the trailer court to the creek, where the willows wore their new greenery. His daughter and my son, both preschoolers, played on the lawn. The buzzards had returned to the valley, making the arrival of the new season official, and we drank and talked about the economic slump and the prospects of finding work for the summer.

"My dad told me the other night there's a plan for this area," he said as we passed the bottle back and forth. His father was an accountant and a local business consultant. "He says the mills are going to stay shut until everyone who can afford to move leaves. The mills are all automating, and whoever's left will be the people who can't go anywhere else and they'll work cheap. It's going to be like Arkansas or Mississippi around here — no more good wages."

"It wouldn't surprise me," I said, just to be agreeable, although I honestly thought I was hearing yet another conspiracy theory. Something in my tone of voice must have betrayed my doubt, though.

"No, really," he insisted. "I don't mean to say this recession's all been rigged. They're just going to take advantage of it, is all. The owners are all going to use it to get people to work cheap. Once everybody gets hungry enough, we'll all take pay cuts just to go back to work. They're talking about 'cost-effectiveness' and 'competitive wages' and like that."

"Well," I said. "You're probably right. I don't know. Nothing we can do about it anyway. We'll just have to wait and see how it all turns out."

THAT SUMMER I bought a brown Swiss milk cow named Marygold and raised a flock of Rhode Island Red laying hens. Every day Mary gave about four gallons of milk, and the hens laid about a dozen eggs. I began selling the milk and eggs to my friends at cost, charging enough to cover the feed but not for my labor. I found a baker who wanted raw milk and fresh eggs for his family, and began bartering a dozen eggs for a loaf of bread or two loaves for a gallon of milk. I had a dozen families on my route, all friends of mine, all young, all married couples with children.

I let them have food on credit and allowed them to pay in barter (poached venison a few times) or in food stamps when they didn't have the cash. Somehow there was always enough cash for a bale of alfalfa hay or a sack of grain when I needed it.

All this was illegal, of course, but laws aren't something you consider when you're hungry. Poor people break laws as a matter of survival; corporations break them as a matter of business acumen. Like most of my neighbors (and all of my friends), I lived as the pettiest sort of criminal — driving without car insurance; selling raw, uninspected milk and not reporting the income; accepting food stamps without authorization; cutting firewood without a permit; eating poached fish and game.

It's not something I'm proud of, or particularly ashamed of either. Pride and shame were luxuries we couldn't

afford at the time. Many times the jug of milk and carton of eggs I dropped off were all a family had to eat. We were friends. We had children. We did what we had to do to get by. Even so, most of us didn't survive with our families intact.

WHEN THE unemployment checks ran out, our little towns started to empty. For-rent signs appeared in house windows on every street. Families sold everything that wouldn't fit in the back of their pickup trucks to raise money for the trip to wherever the rumors said there was work.

Dan and Joy held their moving sale just before Christmas and left with their three sons for Texas right after the new year. Dan had been down to Houston to scout it out and was happy to be doing something — anything — for a change.

"It's not like around here," he told us. "There's all kinds of work, not just the woods or the mill. The pay's not as good, but there's steady jobs and all kinds of stuff for the kids to do, concerts and parks and stuff."

It was their last day in the valley, and all of their friends were over. They stood among their packed possessions giving away houseplants and knickknacks that hadn't sold. I pulled my pickup alongside the house, and we loaded up the remainder of the firewood.

"That goddamn Bob," Dan laughed. "Instead of going out and cutting him a load, he just waits and burns your wood after you're gone."

We all laughed because it was true.

"That's okay," he added. "I won't need no effing firewood in Texas."

They left the valley the next morning, and by the following Christmas they were divorced. Dan was managing a fast-food place in Dallas, and Joy was living on the streets of downtown Houston and sleeping in an all-night movie theater.

DESPITE THE larger horrors, there was much beauty too in the little things we did, uncountable acts of kindness and love that made the times more bearable, but that in the end weren't enough to keep us going on.

Bit by bit, we lost our self-respect as we knocked up against hard realities

and even harder institutions and agencies that were indifferent to our humanity. It was a slow process, one that we feared but couldn't really see happening.

It's hard to wait when you're used to working. There's a slow, steady erosion that wears down a few people first, and then whole families crumble like dirt clods running through your fingers. Finally the community itself is gone, washed downriver, never to return.

One by one, the families broke up — nine out of 12 couples divorced within six years. Three of my friends, all men, died violently.

Numbers again, cold and flat, devoid of sorrow or joy, of dignity or beauty. Where's the formula that can calculate the supply and demand of affection? We can easily show that x amount of dollars spent on wages lowers profitability by $n\%$, but where's the algebra to calculate human suffering?

I'd like to think that the survival of myself, my wife, and my son was due to right living and perseverance on our part — that somehow we got by, when others didn't, because of our individual and familial strengths. It would be a comforting notion, if I could only believe it. But I'm convinced it was only the result of a statistical fluke.

AT HAYING TIME, in the early summer of 1984, I attended a presentation put on by the Hunger Project. The physical therapist who was helping me out talked me into going. He felt that hunger was an important issue.

The affair was held at a church on a Saturday, and began with brief statements by each of us on who we were, what we did to earn our daily bread, and why we were interested in hunger. I thought about introducing myself as a bank president or a wild-animal trainer but ended up telling the truth, that I was an unemployed laborer, and that many of my relatives, including my great-grandmother, had starved to death in southern Russia during the 1920s and '30s. One other guy introduced himself as an unemployed laborer, but no one else mentioned any relatives who'd died of hunger.

We saw a slide show and listened to a presentation. We learned about infant-

mortality rates in central Africa and Iceland, and sanitary conditions in Asia and Latin America. We were told about the global military budget and the amount Americans spend on dog food, and that the end of hunger as a global issue was an idea whose time had come.

There was a lunch break after the slide show, and everyone sat outside in the golden noon eating fruit and nuts and drinking juice. I walked across the street to a corner market and bought a beer and a bag of pretzels. When I returned, I sat down across from the man who'd introduced himself as an unemployed laborer.

He didn't look like a working man, and I was curious about him. I asked him what manner of work he was used to doing, and learned that he'd actually been an assistant something-or-other for a large corporation in a major city. A desire to become involved with social issues had led him to quit his job and move his family to Douglas County, attracted, apparently, by the large number of poor people here. He was making a little money as a handyman and looking for blue-collar employment.

"We've adopted a life-style of voluntary poverty," he told me.

"You're kidding!"

It was if he'd told me he'd chosen to have a toothache. I was stunned.

I knew, of course, that there was such a thing. The nuns who'd taught me as a child had practiced personal poverty in favor of modest communal wealth, and they'd told us stories about saints who'd given up silks and palaces for hairshirts and caves. But they, at least, expected a spiritual reward, not insight

into an issue or empathy with the oppressed.

I'd also read about the Russian intellectuals of the late 19th century who'd adopted peasant dress and built picturesque little villages to live the simple life in. But all their empathy hadn't kept the famines away, and later, when Stalin's Five Year Plan brought death to so many of my people, it was the intellectuals who provided the rationale for genocide.

It's a peculiar hallmark of this century that every act of mass destruction has been done with the support of academic and scientific experts. Experts love plans, programs, and policies, no matter how destructive, as long as they're done on a grand scale. Experts love to experiment. What they never support are the small everyday doings of ordinary people that make massive programs unnecessary.

Sitting there at a picnic table in a sunny churchyard among smiling Unitarians, I realized I was in a very dangerous crowd.

BY THE FALL of 1985, there weren't enough of my friends still living in the valley to cover the cost of feeding my cow. I sold her and her calf at auction, and waited for the trickle-down.

It was a long time coming, that trickle-down — ten years later we're still waiting for it. Though the mills and businesses and government agencies recovered, it never did arrive for the people who live here. For the first time in our county's boom-or-bust economic history, business boomed while people went busted.

Davey was my neighbor's son when

we lived in town. He and I worked on the same tree-planting crew for a local mill, during the winter of 1976. In the spring of that year, he got a job in the mill. He was 18, fresh out of high school, and earning \$5.35 an hour.

In the spring of 1986, I ran into him in the grocery store. He'd been out of work for nearly a year but had just landed a job in another mill. He was grateful to have found work, which I could understand, since he was now 28, married, and a father.

"Well, that's good to hear." I congratulated him. "How much are you making?"

"\$4.75 an hour."

I should have kept my mouth shut. But a little mental arithmetic told me that, given the inflation rate, he was earning about half the pay he'd earned as a raw kid.

"Jeeze! You guys are still eligible for food stamps."

He looked away, over at the stacked boxes of margarine, before he spoke.

"Yeah, well, actually I'm getting more than most of the guys, because I've got experience. Starting pay's \$4 an hour."

IT WAS AN odd sort of recovery. Employment rates, timber-harvest levels, and emergency food use rose. The cost of cutting, hauling, and milling a million board feet of timber dropped, and so did per-capita income. Timber-harvest levels for Douglas County were 400 million board feet higher in 1986 than in 1978, but produced \$55 million less in wages. While the timber industry has become "leaner, more productive and cost-effective," the people have simply become leaner.

In 1989, the seventh straight year of economic recovery brought one in six Umpquans in for emergency food boxes or soup-kitchen meals. Local relief agencies estimate that under 5,000 pounds of emergency food was distributed annually in Douglas County in 1976-79. In 1986-89, the 94,000 people living on the Umpqua ate nearly a million pounds of emergency food every year.

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Revolutionary

Publishing in America hasn't been the same since Allan Adams married the book to the magazine

ALLAN ADAMS lives across my street in a mountainside Ashland neighborhood. The foundations of his house hunch into the granite some 30 feet above my roof, and he can take in the view without seeing me at all.

Adams and I have spent our lives among books, I as a reader and writer, he in production and sales. In the world of books, I've been a rubberneck tourist among the skyscrapers, he a Conrad Hilton among the bed-and-breakfasts. The difference is why he lives higher on the hill.

Till Adams got into publishing, the typical book printed in America weighed more than a pound and sold a few thousand copies at \$2 each. The marriage between book and magazine Adams helped to arrange produced a marketing miracle, the paperback, that weighed just six ounces and sold millions of copies at 39 cents.

Before Adams played matchmaker, the paperback had little going for it. Though books with paper covers began circulating after the Civil War, they enjoyed small success. Most of these "pulp," as they were called, featured outlandish adventure stories appealing to candle-under-the-covers readers. Not till the Great Depression did the mass

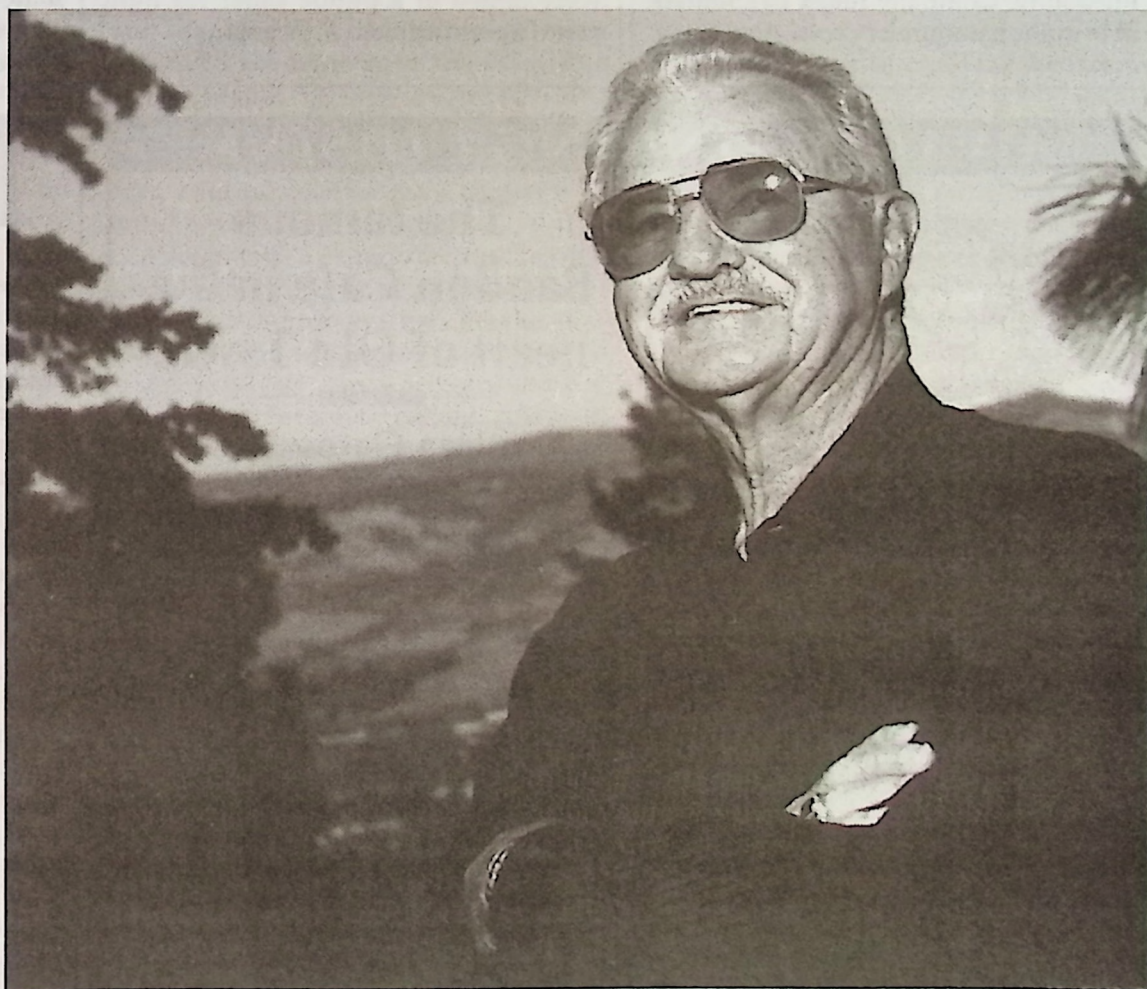
marketing of books find fertile soil, and only after World War II did the paperback bloom from that soil with a vengeance.

The mother of these developments was also the mother of Allan Adams. Born Marie Evangeline Fawcett, she

was a journalism graduate of the University of North Dakota at Grand Forks who, while working on the Associated Press wire desk at the Minneapolis *Tribune*, astutely divined from her exposure to the tastes of the nation the existence of a vast public hungry for more than just news.

What was to prove an enormously profitable insight was temporarily shelved when Eva Fawcett left her newspaper job, married, and accompanied her new husband to a homestead in Saskatchewan. The birth of her first son, Jack, wasn't easy and, when the marriage broke up after Eva became pregnant again, she decided to put her second delivery into the hands of her own father, Dr. John Fawcett of Portland. And that was how Allan Adams came to be born in Oregon.

Taking her sons back to Canada, Eva married Thomas Adams, who adopted Jack and the infant Allan, giving both



Allan Adams got his publishing instincts from his mother, Marie Evangeline Fawcett, founder of the Fawcett magazine empire.

his name. But, after the birth of a daughter, Margaret, this second marriage, too, slid onto the rocks, and Eva, again a single mother, moved her family to Seattle, where Allan finished high school.

In 1931, under the dark cloud of the Depression, Eva went home to Minneapolis and a job with the Associated Press.

Now, as fate would have it, Eva's brother, Billy Fawcett, an army captain during World War I, had come back from the war with a passion for collecting the humorous anecdotes exchanged by his fellow soldiers. In this harmless hobby, Eva's sharp nose smelled the possibility of a publishing bonanza, and together she and her brother drew on his collection to launch a new magazine they called *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*.

A kind of *Playboy* for its day, *Whiz Bang* attracted so wide an audience that, in just two years, the infant Fawcett Publishing Company raked in a remarkable million dollars in profits.

When *Whiz Bang* expanded its contents to include what came to be known as "confession" stories, Eva and Captain Billy saw an opening for a separate publication and spun off *True Confessions*, which soon dominated its rivals with a circulation of 1.5 million.

America's mid-Depression love affair with the silver screen suggested still

lowbrow as it may have been, that public had an insatiable appetite for the printed word, as *Whiz Bang* had clearly demonstrated. Moreover, the range of popular taste, exclusive of intellectual subject matter, proved almost limitless, and to its confessions and movie lines Fawcett soon added *True Police Cases*, *Daring Detective*, *Dynamic Detective*, and *Startling Detective*. New markets also opened for crossword puzzles and men's magazines like *True*. In a word, wherever you looked, Fawcett's presses were turning paper and ink into gold.

As the company thrived, Allan Adams enrolled at

Bloomsburg State Teachers' College in Pennsylvania. But his attention to the best students and neglect of the mediocre made it clear he wasn't cut out to be an educator, and he switched to economics at Princeton, earning a BA there, and following it with an MBA from Syracuse in 1941. Then came the war, during which he served for five years, flying combat missions from carriers in the South Pacific.

*In a word, wherever
you looked, Fawcett's presses
were busy turning paper
and ink into gold*

another lucrative market, and Fawcett captivated the burgeoning movie audience with *Motion Picture* and *Movie Classic* magazines.

With the number of its titles rapidly multiplying, in 1938 Fawcett moved its editorial operations from Minneapolis to New York. It's true that its products were aimed at a public eager for light reading rather than literature, but,

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THE NATURAL move for Adams after the war was back to Minneapolis and the business side of Fawcett Publications, over which Mother Eva still presided. Cousins Roger and Gordon managed the business, and another cousin, Roscoe, handled promotions, so Allan and brother Jack concentrated on sales — an inspired choice, since, through their chain of 1,200 magazine wholesalers servicing 165,000 retailers, the brothers found themselves ideally positioned to spot emerging trends among American readers.

"When we heard about something alive and electric, we'd tell Fawcett's editors what was moving," Alan recalls. "They'd duplicate it, and we'd inundate the market."

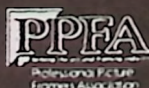
Among the trends the brothers picked up on was the increasing popularity of comics, which they had the idea of dressing up with color. Quicker than you could say: "Shazam!" Fawcett launched a formidable line of colorized comic magazines: *Captain Marvel*, *Whiz Comics*, *Nickel Comics*, and *Gigantic Comics*. Every new title drew new readers, and the comic book was born.

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When it wasn't doing its own publishing, Fawcett placed its presses at the disposal of others, including the Atlantic and Pacific market chain, which sought to pull in food-shoppers with *Woman's Day*, a giveaway circulated only in its stores. *Woman's Day* eventually became more of a nuisance than a benefit to A&P's managers and, when they decided to close it down, Adams, faced with the loss of a profitable printing contract, wrested opportunity from adversity by asking himself why Fawcett shouldn't take over the magazine and sell it via its vast network of newsstands. In a tryout in Colorado, *Woman's Day* outsold all the competition and, soon after going national, attracted one of Fawcett's top circulations.

AND MEANWHILE the paperback wave was starting to build into a tsunami. Turning his attention to books, Adams was struck by the fact that there were "more Chevrolet dealers than bookstores." With his eye on still another Fawcett expansion, he theorized that, if books could be sold through the company's 165,000 retailers, bookselling would be revolutionized.

Adams' idea appealed to New American Library and Britain's Penguin Books, both of which hired Fawcett to distribute their low-cost literary paperbacks. To test the market, Adams chose retail outlets in Greenwich, Connecticut. But, when he put Jack London's *Call of the Wild* and *White Fang* on the racks, they stayed there. Fawcett's first paperback venture had bombed.

Undaunted, Adams turned to the college-textbook field, only to be frustrated again. It seemed that, to high-minded students, paperbacks suggested cheapness, not substance, and they disdained to be seen carrying them to class.

Month after month, Fawcett's paperback sales, both of novels and textbooks, remained hopelessly flat.

"We knew the idea should go," Adams says, "but it needed a spark."

The spark was struck when Adams asked himself why they shouldn't do

with paperbacks what they'd done with magazines — that is, make them a vehicle for writers who could appeal to a mass audience. The experiment was tried first with Erskine Caldwell, whose *God's Little Acre* and *Tobacco Road* had met with meager success in hardcover. The cheap paper versions of these spicy novels sold like cigarettes and chewing gum, and Adams knew he was on the brink of something very big indeed.

'It was about as badly written as you can get, but it had a lot of sex and violence — what we felt we could sell'

Meanwhile, in Newburgh, New York, a young newspaperman by the name of Mickey Spillane had just had a resounding lack of success as a novelist. Published by E.P. Dutton, Spillane's *I, the Jury* had sold all of 620 copies, mostly to libraries, when a copy chanced to come into the hands of Allan Adams.

"It was about as badly written as you could imagine," Adams says, "but it had a lot of sex and some violence — what we felt we could sell."

Adams talked Dutton into selling the paperback rights to Signet, and Signet into letting Fawcett handle the distribution. He warned Spillane he'd be paid only two cents a copy, but the young novelist never balked. After all, what did he have to lose? In hardcover, *I, the Jury* had earned almost nothing.

The last piece of the puzzle was still missing, though, and Adams, sensing

what it was, called an old friend who was a police chief in Minnesota, and asked him for a favor.

"We're pushing a book called *I, the Jury*," he explained to the chief. "When it comes out, I want you to ban it from your town."

The chief protested he couldn't do a dishonest thing like that, but, not long afterwards, when the book appeared, he indignantly called Adams back.

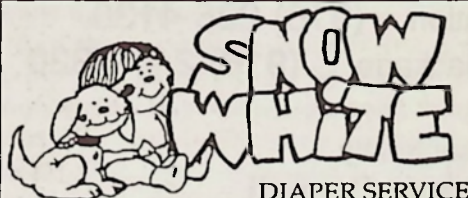
"I've just read *I, the Jury*, and that book *deserves* to be banned," he said. "I'm going to give it what it deserves."

When the ban drew national publicity, Adams ordered an additional run of 250,000 copies — and from an experiment the paperback stepped up to a

phenomenon. Adams signed Spillane to write five more books, and his private-eye hero Mike Hammer was soon a household name, to the point where the initial printing of the last of the five books, *The Big Kill*, was an astonishing three million. No longer limited to his two cents' worth, Spillane became a multimillionaire.

In the wake of this success, Fawcett started its own paperback line, Gold Medal Books, which such established authors as William Faulkner were soon lining up to offer reprint rights to. As the years passed, Irving Stone's biographical novels about Michelangelo, Van Gogh, and Freud won lasting popularity in paperback, as did John D. MacDonald, whose 37 novels brought him a fortune.

Unknowns like Kyle Onstott also enjoyed a ride on the paperback bandwagon. Fawcett acquired the rights



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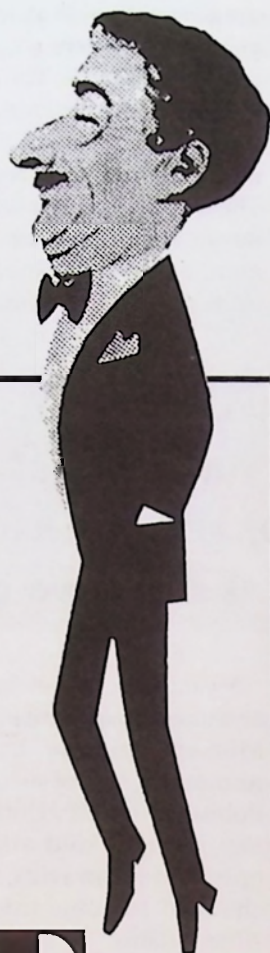
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to Onstott's then little-known Civil War story, *Mandingo*, and when sales went sky-high, Adams flew to Reno to sign up the author for five more books. Onstott became one of paperback publishing's outstanding triumphs, and *Mandingo* is still selling.

"Some big-name writers," Adams acknowledges, "didn't want to be connected with paperbacks. 'Literary' people saw the paperback as beneath them" — and probably kicked themselves later. Today, many prestigious authors admit their works would never have attained major sales, but for the humble paperback.

Caldwell once asked Adams to explain the miracle that had made his books "as accessible as cigarettes."

Adams answered without hesitating: "Linking book publishing to an enormous magazine-distribution network."

Even today, there are only about 5,000 bookstores in the U.S., while magazines and paperbacks, through hundreds of thousands of retail outlets, reach an audience that bookstores can't begin to approach.

ADAMS LEFT Fawcett in 1953 to set up a new venture, Capitol Publishing and Distributing, which he sold 12 years later. But retirement in Malibu left him restless and, after flopping with a publishing venture in California, he bought the Medford-based Rogue Valley News Agency, distributors of magazines and books. Between 1972 and 1984, Adams expanded this distributorship into Klamath Falls, Cave Junction, Grants Pass, and Boise, Idaho. Then, "tired of decisions," in 1986 he sold it. The company now does business as the Northwest News Company.

Mother Eva died at 87 in 1974, and in 1983 the family sold Fawcett Publications to CBS. Today, the Fawcett imprimatur is no longer in business — but it could gain a new life if Adams has his way. Though nominally retired in his mountainside home, Adams — whose 80 years didn't prevent him from flying his own Cessna to southern California to attend a granddaughter's wedding in August — is currently pondering a revival of Fawcett Publications, perhaps with some startling new innovation to titillate us candle-under-the-covers readers.

If anybody can do it, he can.

Sink or swim: A memoir

BY FRED FLAXMAN

AFTER A QUARTER of a century of working as an executive for public-television stations in various parts of the country, I decided last year to go out on my own as an independent producer and writer. How wonderful it would be, I thought, not to have to concern myself with difficult boards of directors above me, or disgruntled staff below.

So I started my own one-man production company.

Today, I'm working exclusively on projects I'm interested in, out of a beautiful office I commute to each morning by walking down a flight of stairs from my bedroom. I can work when I want to, knock off when I'm in the mood, and take as much time as I like for lunch. I could go to work in my birthday suit, and only my wife would know the difference.

For the first time in my life, I'm experiencing the kind of happiness money can't buy. Which is a good thing, since I haven't really made any money, so far. But I *have* managed to pay the mortgage each month, and my wife and I are far from starving to death. In short, I guess you could say I'm keeping my head above water — which is something I learned to do, quite literally, 35 years ago.

In May 1958, I was completing my sixth and final year at the Horace Mann

School for Boys, in New York City. Horace Mann, the man, was one of the founders of our nation's public-school system. But Horace Mann, the school, was, and is, a very exclusive private institution in the posh Riverdale section of the Bronx.

When I was a student there, Horace Mann was as tough physically as academically. Its motto was: "Strong mind, strong body." All students were to be "well rounded," whether they wanted to be or not, and you couldn't graduate without passing, not just the usual academic tests, but a number of athletic tests as well.

Though I was no great shakes as a student, I was an even worse athlete. My lack of strength was exceeded only by my lack of coordination, which in turn was surpassed only by my lack of interest. All the same, I somehow managed to pass the push-up and sit-up tests, and even learned to do what might be charitably described as a semi-somersault. Graduation would have been in the bag but for one thing: the physical exam I'd been living in dread of for months: the swim-survival test.

I stayed up nights trying to think of ways to avoid this ordeal by water, all to no avail. Nobody escaped Mr. Maltoss' swim-survival test and, when the awful day arrived, I was undoubtedly the only student at Horace Mann not persuaded by the advent of New York's intolerably humid summer weather to see the school's indoor swimming pool as a blessing second only to air-conditioning.

In those days, Horace Mann was an all-boys school, and bathing suits weren't allowed in the pool. I was very embarrassed about displaying my unclothed body in public, because I was slower to mature than other boys my age, so when the entire senior class of 90 was ordered to line up for the survival test stark naked on both sides of the pool, at the risk of looking formal I wrapped my towel around my waist to obstruct comparisons, and stood fervently wishing I could change names with Bernie Zucker. Not that I thought

Zucker sounded better than Flaxman; but, you see, the test was administered in alphabetical order, one student at a time, with each boy leaving the pool area when his turn was up, and that meant that more than half the class would still be standing around with nothing better to do than to watch my agony as they waited for their own turn in the water.

"Arenberg!" Maltoss suddenly

Surely after six years of hard academic work they wouldn't refuse me my diploma merely because I couldn't stay in some idiotic swimming pool for ten minutes?

shouted, his deep, manly voice booming off the tiled walls.

As the rest of us watched, Arenberg jumped into the shallow water and swam the length of the pool four times, finishing in the deep end just short of the wall, where he proceeded to bob up and down for the requisite ten minutes. Then Maltoss' whistle shrilled, and Arenberg emerged from the pool, out of breath but smiling and self-satisfied.

Backlar was next, and then Bialek, and by the time Bialek had climbed gasping from the water, I was biting off all the skin around my fingernails. Others of my classmates were picking at their dandruff or squeezing their pimples with noticeable anxiety, but no one seemed as terrified as I was. Despite the overheated air, my teeth were chattering and my legs quaking with fright.

There were four C's, one D, and five E's still to go, not to mention, among the Fs, Feingold, Fellows, and Flattau. If only someone — just one kid! — would fail before me! But I knew in my bones I was destined to be the first. By making an extraordinary effort, I could probably do the four laps, but I was sure I'd never have the strength left to remain bobbing up and down in water over my head for ten minutes. So I decided there and then to go up to Maltoss and tell him to count me out. That would save everyone time, and me embarrassment. And surely after six years of hard academic work they wouldn't refuse me my diploma merely

because I couldn't stay in some idiotic swimming pool for ten lousy minutes?

Oh, yes, they would, Maltoss assured me as he sent me back to the line.

"And take that towel off till you need it, Flaxman! We know what you look like!"

Flattau was in the pool now. I had only a few more minutes. If the water had had a high-voltage current running through it, I couldn't have been more scared. I racked my brains in vain for any other facing-saving way out, and was just about to say the hell with it and make a run for the shower-room exit, when I heard my name called.

Reluctantly, as some 70 students watched, I removed my towel, entered the pool, and started to swim.

By the second lap, I was tired; by the third, exhausted. But I soldiered on to the conclusion of the fourth lap, and remained out in the deep end, treading water despite my extreme fatigue.

"Bob, don't tread!"

I pretended not to hear Maltoss. What was the point of bobbing up and down when I barely had the strength to keep my head above the water?

"Bob, or you'll stay in that water all day!"

But I'd had enough. I had to rest even if it meant having to take the whole test over again at a later date. I just wasn't in shape for this, and I knew it. Maybe if I practiced bobbing for a few days, staying in longer each time, I could pass.

"Yes, that's what I'll do. Why didn't I think of that sooner?"

And I swam over to the wall of the pool, put my hand over the top, and started to raise myself out.

"Bob, damn you!" Maltoss bellowed — and his foot stamped down on my hand.

Falling back into the pool, full of pain, hatred, and water, I used my remaining strength to swim over to the other side. But Maltoss, divining my intention, ran around the edge, and was waiting for me when I got there.

"The sooner you start bobbing, the sooner you'll get out!"

The words echoed off every tile in the

place, and a new fear overcame me. Could he keep me in the water against my will? The possibility had never occurred to me. I'd figured all I had to do was give up and nobody could stop me from getting out — not as long as I was willing to forfeit the precious Horace Mann diploma. But it seemed Maltoss wasn't prepared to accept defeat as an option. And, looking up from the water, I felt helpless against him.

Then I got an idea, and started swimming as fast as I could toward the shallow area. At least I'd be able to stand there, even if only for a second. But no sooner had I started in that direction than Maltoss jumped in ahead of me, angrily grabbed me, and flung me back into the deep end.

Choking and spluttering, I swam back toward him, hoping to gain a moment's rest by holding onto him. But his coarse, powerful hand crashed into my face, and forced me toward the far wall again. Flailing first in one direction and then in another, I used what little energy I had left in an attempt to escape. But Maltoss was quicker and stronger and, realizing it wasn't any use, I gave up and started treading water.

I had no way of knowing it, but I'd been in the pool then for more than 15 minutes.

"The sooner you start bobbing, the sooner you'll get out!"

But Maltoss' ultimatums meant nothing to me now. I was convinced I was going to drown and, since it would serve him right if I did, I stopped treading water, and went under in search of rest. For a few seconds, my head stayed below the surface — then, feeling a desperate need for air, I broke the surface, gulped down a breath, and sank again. After I did this a second time, and a third, suddenly I realized I was — bobbing! But when I pointed this out to Maltoss, and demanded to be allowed to leave the pool, he was unmoved.

"Please!" I begged him, too desperate to care how humiliating it sounded. But he only told me for the umpteenth time to shut up and keep bobbing.

After several more minutes, I began to feel delirious but — strangely enough — almost rested, too. I could go on like this all day — and indeed expected to have to, because I no longer

believed Maltoss would ever let me out. So that, when he finally announced I'd passed the test, I was startled by the sound of his voice. He had to repeat himself before I realized I wasn't hallucinating.

In the water, I'd sworn to myself that, if I ever got out of the pool alive, I'd murder Maltoss. But I actually thanked him as I dragged my naked body out of the tiled chamber.

ON GRADUATION DAY, the Class of '58 stood in line together once more — this time fully dressed, in ties and jackets, with carnations in every lapel. And, yes, the order of the day was alphabetical again — only when they called on us to step forward now, it was for the relatively dry purpose of accepting our high-school diplomas.

True, tears came to my eyes as Dr. Mitchell Gratwick, the headmaster, handed me my piece of parchment. But it wasn't because I was emotionally moved by the experience, or sorry to be leaving Horace Mann after so many

difficult years. No, it was just that I'm allergic to carnations!

Today, as I contemplate the invitation I've received to the 35th reunion of my high-school class, I realize my life itself has turned out to be one big swim-survival test. Oh, it hasn't been as difficult to pass as I feared it would be. But I've often had to let my head go under so I could rebound later — to relax and go with the flow, make the best of whatever troubled waters I found myself in, and try not to make too many waves.

Still, I turned out not to be put together in such a way as to be able to help swimming against the current of whatever corporation was issuing my paycheck. I could never totally conform even to the relatively nonconformist world of public broadcasting. I had to get out of the safe but confined pool I was swimming in, and jump into the wild, unpredictable river of the independent life, where the choice is a simple one: sink or swim.

Fortunately, Mr. Maltoss taught me how to bob!

They cast about

With frail antennae, shrimp comb the water,
groping for food, dog-paddling on hairy legs
through brine, their feelers vulnerable
as troll lines, drifting. Pincers supplicate
with levered arms, hoping to grasp or hold
some small, sustaining morsel,
or to anchor safely their fragile bodies,
costumed like crusaders, the plated armor
thin as waxed rice-paper.

Unceasingly in motion, they cast about,
whipping their whiskery antennae,
mine-sweepers powered by stalk-mounted eyes.
They appear to agitate past hunger, until
by chance, they loop against the feelers
of another. Then, they grow purposeful,
can swim across a seawash
flecked with shadows toward deep water,
fearless of stake nets set in tideways,
boat-drawn trawls, or traps.

—Jane Glazer

How I became a Socialist

IT'S QUITE FAIR to say that I became a Socialist in a fashion somewhat similar to the way in which the Teutonic pagans became Christians — it was hammered into me. Not only was I not looking for Socialism at the time of my conversion, but I was fighting it. I was very young and cal-

low, did not know much of anything, and though I had never even heard of a school called "Individualism," I sang the paean of the strong with all my heart.

This was because I was strong myself. By strong I mean that I had good health and hard muscles, both of which possessions are easily accounted for. I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy Western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and I toiled in the open, at the hardest kinds of work. Learning no trade, but drifting along from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. Let me repeat, this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weaknesses, never turned down by the boss because I did not

look fit, able always to get a job at shoveling coal, sailorizing, or manual labor of some sort.

And because of all this, exulting in my young life, able to hold my own at work or fight, I was a rampant individualist. It was very natural. I was a winner. Wherefore I called the game, as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very proper game for MEN. To be a MAN was to write man in large capitals on my heart. To adventure like a man, and fight like a man, and do a man's work (even for a boy's pay) — these were things that reached right in and gripped hold of me as no other thing could. And I looked ahead into long vistas of a hazy and interminable future, into which, playing what I conceived to be MAN'S game, I should continue to travel with unfailing health, without accidents, and with muscles ever vigorous. As I say, this future was interminable. I could see myself only raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's *blond beasts*, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength.

As for the unfortunates, the sick, and ailing, and old, and maimed, I must confess I hardly thought of them at all, save that I vaguely felt that they, barring accidents, could be as good as I if they wanted to real hard, and could work just as well. Accidents? Well, they represented FATE, also spelled out in capitals, and there was no getting around FATE. Napoleon had had an accident at Waterloo, but that did not dampen my desire to be another and

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later Napoleon. Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me to consider accidents as even remotely related to my glorious personality.

I hope I have made it clear that I was proud to be one of Nature's strong-armed noblemen. The dignity of labor was to me the most impressive thing in the world.

Without having read Carlyle, or Kipling, I formulated a gospel of work which put theirs in the shade. Work was everything. It was sanctification and salvation. The pride I took in a hard day's work well done would be inconceivable to you. It is almost inconceivable to me as I look back upon it. To shirk or mangle on the man who paid me my wages was a sin, first, against myself, and second, against him. I considered it a crime second only to treason and just about as bad.

In short, my joyous individualism was dominated by the orthodox bourgeois ethics. I read the bourgeois papers, listened to the bourgeois preachers, and shouted at the sonorous platitudes of the bourgeois politicians. And I doubt not, if other events had not changed my career, that I should have evolved into a professional strike-breaker (one of President Eliot's American heroes), and had my head and my earning power irrevocably smashed by a club in the hands of some militant trades-unionist.

Just about this time, returning from a seven months' voyage before the mast, and just turned eighteen, I took it into my head to go tramping. On rods and blind baggages I fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centers of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And on this new *blond-beast* adventure I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the "submerged tenth," and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited.

I found there all sorts of men, many of whom had once been as good as myself

and just as *blond-beastly*; sailor-men, soldier-men, labor-men, all wrenched and distorted and twisted out of shape by toil and hardship and accident, and cast adrift by their masters like so many old horses. I battered on the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening the while to life-histories which began under auspices as fair as mine, with digestions and bodies equal to and better than mine, and which ended there

before my eyes in the shambles at the bottom of the Social Pit.

And as I listened my brain began to work. The woman of the streets and the man of the gutter drew very close to me. I saw the picture of the Social Pit as vividly as though it were a concrete thing, and at the bottom of the Pit I saw them, myself above them, not far, and hanging on to the slippery wall by main strength and sweat. And I confess a terror seized me. What when my

strength failed? when I should be unable to work shoulder to shoulder with the strong men who were as yet babes unborn? And there and then I swore a great oath. It ran something like this: *All my days I have worked hard with my body, and according to the number of days I have worked, by just that much am I nearer to the bottom of the Pit. I shall climb out of the Pit, but not by the muscles of my body shall I climb out. I shall do no more hard work, and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to.* And I have been busy every since running away from hard work.

Incidentally, while tramping some ten thousand miles through the United States and Canada, I strayed into Niagara Falls, was nabbed by a fee-hunting constable, denied the right to plead guilty or not guilty, sentenced out of hand to thirty days' imprisonment for having no fixed abode and no visible means of support, handcuffed and chained to a bunch of men similarly circumstanced, carted down country to Buffalo, registered at the Erie County Penitentiary, had my head clipped and

I was proud to be one of Nature's strong-armed noblemen



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EYE ON INSURANCE

An update on issues and events affecting policy holders throughout the nation.

State Farm Announces Dividend Return

The State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company announced that it is mailing premium refunds totaling \$7.5 million to Oregon policyholders. The refunds, which total about 6.7% of each individual's semi-annual premium, are being mailed to 488,700 State Farm auto insurance customers in Oregon over a six-month period which began in mid-September. State Farm Mutual authorized the dividends for customers because claim costs were less than anticipated.

Saturdays Deadly for Accidents

USA Today

Death on the road happens more often on a Saturday between 3 p.m. and midnight, according to a recent state-by-state analysis of vehicle fatalities. The finding is part of a 1993 annual study released by the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. Among states in the Northwest, Montana had the highest incidence of motor vehicle deaths per 100,000 registered vehicles at 25. Alaska and Idaho registered 22; Oregon, 18; and Washington, 14.

Insurance Group Cites Service

*Journal of
Commerce*

The Insurance Information Institute issued a report crediting the insurance industry with investments totaling \$30 billion and millions of hours of volunteer service aimed at improving the lives of residents of inner-city communities. Approximately 30 companies are included in the report. State Farm is listed for its summer minority intern program that has been in existence over the past 20 years. Of the 452 graduates of the program, more than 300 are employed by State Farm.

Agency Running Out of Cash

USA Today

Insurance company failures have left behind so many unpaid claims that the Louisiana Insurance Guaranty Association (LIGA), the state agency which pays claims of insolvent companies, has only enough money to pay 30 cents of each dollar of claims. LIGA's money, which comes from taxes on insurance policies, is projected to be gone sometime during November.

Sponsored by Southern Oregon State Farm Agents Laurie Bixby; Bill Cobb, CLU; Judith Compton; Bill Dorris, CLU; Karolyne Hugo; Dan Marshall; Tom Nelson; Lee Niedermeyer; Ric Olney; Jim Sorensen; Rory Wold; David Wise, CLU; and John Yaple.

my budding mustache shaved, was dressed in convict stripes, compulsorily vaccinated by a medical student who practiced on such as we, made to march the lock-step, and put to work under the eyes of guards armed with Winchester rifles — all for adventuring in *blond-beastly* fashion. Concerning further details deponent sayeth not, though he may hint that some of his plethoric national patriotism simmered down and leaked out of the bottom of his soul somewhere — at least, since that experience he finds that he cares more for men and women and little children than for imaginary geographical lines.

TO RETURN TO my conversion. I think it is apparent that my rampant individualism was pretty effectively hammered out of me, and something else as effectively hammered in. But, just as I had been an individualist without knowing it, I was now a Socialist without knowing it, withal an unscientific one. I had been reborn, but not renamed, and I was running around to find out what manner of thing I was. I ran back to California and opened the books. I do not remember which ones I opened first. It is an unimportant detail anyway. I was already It, whatever It was, and by aid of the books I discovered that It was a Socialist. Since that day I have opened many books, but no economic argument, no lucid demonstration of the logic and inevitableness of Socialism affects me as profoundly and convincingly as I was affected on the day when I first saw the walls of the Social Pit rise around me and felt myself slipping down, down, into the shambles at the bottom.

—Jack London

TUNE IN

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London letter

Hugh Harris

Back to school

ONCE HAVING kicked the newspaper habit, I seem to have lost it for good. In fact, the last few weeks I've bought a newspaper on Monday or Tuesday, read a few bits, decided they were duller than real life, and forgotten to buy another paper all week.

Which is why I can only tell you *my* news from England this month. Hope it's sufficient for you.

It's the beginning of term next week. I've got teaching every evening except Friday (which leaves me space for gigs with my band), and days Wednesday to Friday. For me, that's actually quite a heavy work load, because I also have to do other things to make up my income sufficiently to subsidize the tenant I mentioned in a past letter and other rather expensive items.

However, I'm looking forward to meeting old friends.

Some of my students have been coming since 1985, which suggests they're extremely slow learners. In fact, though, they're not so much students as enthusiasts. Needless to say, they're also to some extent a part of my social life, and we've spent a few happy days during the holidays getting the new workshop ready for next term. The removal men made a total chaos of the contents when they moved them, and in addition to some of the tools having gone forever (as they always do during a removal), all the timber was just piled up in one corner, regardless of variety or function, so that I've just finished two days of sorting it into sensible categories.

I also got myself 28 hours' extra pay through the year by making the timber-racking system. May I say they've got a bargain? It's essentially a mezzanine-floor frame that cantilevers out from a bay into the rest of the room, so that there's no post to bang into or to get in the way of the benches, and yet there's ample overhead storage space. It even looks pretty.

When sorting the timber, I was of



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course obliged to handle the British Columbian pine. Wherever this gets a chance to penetrate your skin — even if only via a scrape — it hurts really badly for days afterwards. I don't know why we keep it. I always recommend that the students not use it, because of this poisonous habit it has. The massive amounts of recycled timber are a bit awkward, but they teach the right attitude.

But, to get back to the new term, I'm always disappointed when they offer me the same classes I've taught the last eight or ten years, even though I'd miss them if we didn't do them.

I wanted to do things like instrument repair for wind players, cartoon drawing (not animation, because I don't think I can do it, but maybe strips and singles), clock repair, and wood-and-metal work. I suppose they're all really very similar to woodworking and picture-framing, but the new materials would be a nice stimulant, and so would fixing and trying out instruments. In fact, I often take an instrument to work and practice on days when there's no private work to do.

THE MATTER OF the Mayor and the Burgesses of the London Borough of Southwark vs. Hugh Harris is moving on again. The Council want about £35,000, and I counterclaim about £127,000, so there should be some fireworks if we get a proper judge.

The case was recently due to come to court, but at the last minute (as always happens in this sort of affair — I assume it's part of a work-creation system devised by lawyers), my solicitor came up with the stunning counterclaim just mentioned (a compilation of my own estimates and those of a professional building surveyor), and the hearing was adjourned for some weeks whilst pieces of paper are pushed around.

I believe the Council's solicitor was quite genuinely confident there was no case on my side, having been told by the "Public Protection" department that all the works were necessary and executed to the highest standards, that all other matters were aboveboard, and that it was a genuinely kosher case.

Fortunately, at the 11th hour, my legal aid stretched to cover the hiring of a surveyor, who compared the building

schedule with the works done, looked at the appalling quality and general botchery of the work and, being a surveyor for the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, pointed out how totally inappropriate most of the works were. Then I added the various items of damage that had occurred as a result of the works, and there you have it.

The question of whether I did or didn't apply for a grant (they say I didn't, I say I did) is left behind when compared with these massive amounts of money. I rather doubt that either side will want to grapple with such a small question (£6-8,000) when the bigger one remains valid even if it's settled. Things like theft of architectural antiques, charging for works not done or not necessary, charging for works not on the schedule (whether necessary or not), workmanship so poor that the only possible solution is completely to undo it and do it again, and damage to parts of the building not worked on make £6,000 — and even £35,000 — look a bit pathetic.

So I have to confess that, although this house was to be one of the big projects of my middle age, I'm now hoping they'll offer to buy it rather than bother to fight.

It's very disappointing, but maybe I'll get a chance to do something equally rewarding elsewhere if I sell up — like design and build a wooden house. I know where there's a beautiful site available.

A "CRAFTSMAN" WAS seen at a country fair by one of my students demonstrating how to waste a whole tree by hacking away at it with a chain saw. He probably described the activity as carving, but it sounded like the sort of tree that would make dozens of pieces of furniture.

He was of course doing it in the name of art, so it's all okay.

He made an elephant or something of that sort, plus a large pile of small firewood. My student expressed disgust, not only at the poorness of the sculpture arrived at, but also at the incredible waste.

This is particularly significant to my students, because most of them are great recyclers and will only use new timber if they're absolutely forced to.

Unfortunately, the country-fair

ecological vandal isn't alone. We have plenty more like him. The one who always springs to mind when I think of this subject is a well-known English furniture-maker who took a tree trunk of some three or four cubic yards and proceeded to cut away at it till he had a settee that used about half a cubic yard.

The rest was, again, a large pile of firewood.

The glossies thought he was marvelous — this man who'd waste the world for a few bob in profit — and showed color photos of him sitting in the completely impractical piece of furniture. I daresay he got orders for more like it.

It shouldn't be like this. Here we have people who are teaching the public that it's perfectly okay to rape the environment for your own personal buzz, without any regard for the future. And a lot of that public is made up of individuals who are in even more of a position to waste than these people — they may be builders, for instance.

We should do something to educate them. Any ideas?

THOUGH I'VE sworn off newspapers, I bought the *Sevenoaks Chronicle* the other day. I like local papers for a change of style. There's nearly always something to make you laugh, though often it's written in all seriousness.

There wasn't as much as I thought there'd be in this paper, but a bit of a gem appeared on page 2, under the headline: "No Crutches."

"Sevenoaks Red Cross has asked us to point out that although they loan many items of medical equipment, crutches are not among them."

Salvador Dali would be at a loss in Sevenoaks.

But then perhaps it doesn't seem such a joke in a country that has no state medical provision.

We were also treated to photographs of mature adults playing at cowboys, a man with a chain saw sawing a tree trunk to pieces (as at the aforementioned country fair — it's catching!), ladies with spinning wheels, a plastic garden pond with ducks on it, and small girls and boys riding quadricycles at a fair.

On page 5, I discover that a man wasn't summoned. In fact, there's a headline to this effect. The paper tells us

he was thought to have been committing infractions, but that he wasn't summoned to appear before the local magistrates. I don't know how close this is to libel. They actually named the man.

On page nine, there's a section where a person from each of many villages gives the latest news. Needless to say, some of it's incredibly dull (though perhaps not to the people in the villages concerned), and some of it's pretty fiery. It all depends on who's writing it, rather than on what they're writing about.

On page 11, a critic writes up *Tom and Jerry — The Movie*, complaining that it completely ignores "a fine tradition of cartoon violence and silliness" and is incredibly boring as a result. I haven't seen it, but I suspect that *Tom and Jerry* without these characteristics would indeed be a complete washout. After all, the essence of the cartoons is these very things, and they're particularly fun because, no matter what happens to the characters, they always survive in their original form. Not like the rest of us.

Well, that's all, folks!

Theater

Alison Baker

A thrillin' villain

Richard III, by William Shakespeare. At the Oregon Shakespeare Festival through Oct. 31. *The Price*, by Arthur Miller. Barnstormers Little Theater, Grants Pass.

MARCO BARRICELLI'S Richard III holds the audience in the palm of his hand from the minute he strides — er, limps on stage, declaiming: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer. . ."

We squirm as we watch the story of his greedy, violent ambition, but, unlike his unfortunate relatives, we never hate him. He makes the audience his confidants, and to us alone he shows the full extent of his charm, his wit, his unholy humor. We're fully his! But all the time we know that if we stood between Richard and the throne of England, he'd kill us, too.

In his opening soliloquy, Richard

tells us that, because his terrible deformities prevent his finding love, "I am determined to become a villain." And a highly successful one he becomes. In his relentless pursuit of the crown

after the death of his debauched brother Edward IV, he seduces his future wife on the coffin of her husband, whom he killed; he calls his own mother an adulteress, in hopes of having his brother declared a bastard; he causes the deaths of brother, wife, and numerous in-laws and countrymen; and at last, in that infamous vile act, he imprisons his two young nephews, the little princes, in the Tower of London, and has them murdered. This cold-blooded murder of innocents is the last of his successes: God, or Fate, and the people of England finally tire of his cruelty, and he's killed in battle by Henry of Richmond, the future Henry V.

It's easy to see why *Richard III* is one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays. Despite its three-and-a-half-hour running time (the longest, after *Hamlet*), the action — murder, war, seduction — keeps our attention every minute. And Richard is a wonderful, compelling character. Not only is he evil incarnate, but he *delights* in his own wickedness. After seducing the mourning Lady Anne, he struts about the stage (as best he can), leering and boasting: "Was ever woman in this humor wooed? Was ever woman in this humor won?" He's a marvelous depiction of the seductiveness of evil, which isn't grim and frightening, but so charming that, even as we recognize its despicable shape, we're fascinated, ensnared, and doomed. And Barricelli plays the audience like a harp. He winks at us, he confides in us, and when he offers us a blood-soaked raspberry, we recoil even as we laugh with delight to be the focus of his attention. I suspect that, if Barricelli played a snake, we'd soon be baking apple pie.



The play is Richard's, and Barricelli's, but the rest of the cast are by no means in his shadow. My favorites among them are Michelle Morain as Queen Elizabeth, Richard's sister-in-law; and LeWan Alexander as the unhappy Duke of Buckingham, whose self-satisfied smirk changes before our eyes to anxiety and fearful comprehension as Richard ignores the promises he's made in exchange for Buckingham's support in his inglorious rise to power.

For this production, trapdoors are more in evidence than balconies: these characters are more likely on their way to hell than heaven. The gleaming silver robe in which Richard lurches onto the throne is subtly decorated with grinning skulls, and the other costuming is an odd mix of T-shirts and blazers, storm-trooper boots and buckled leather jerkins, all drawn into thematic accord by being in basic black.

Thanks to the direction of James Edmondson, humorous touches keep the audience laughing even as dark deeds unfold. Richard's thuggish followers ape his awkward stagger, and distant barks presage his breathless appearances onstage — for, as he tells us in Scene I, his appearance is so "lamely and unfashionable that dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

Poor evil Richard! Poor us, as the curtain falls on this season of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, and a glorious summer is made winter again.

BUT DON'T despair. Theater is everywhere in the state of Jefferson.

In early fall, I watched the Barnstormers' Little Theater in Grants Pass perform, under the direction of Terry Boole, Arthur Miller's *The Price*, a

play of riveting layers of revelation and another kind of intra-family warfare.

Victor Franz long ago gave up his dream of a scientific career in order to care for his father, who lost his money in the Crash. Gary Berlant, as Victor, shows defeat in his every tired movement. We know exactly how disappointed this man is. His wife, Esther, too, is tired: she's lived for 25 years with a bitter man. As Esther, Nancy Ryan shows us the complexity of the "good wife's" situation — she's ambitious, she's disappointed in her husband, but at the same time she loves him and will support him in the decisions he makes.

Mr. Solomon, the ancient furniture buyer who comes to make an offer on the family furniture, at first seems a buffoon and a shyster, but he slowly wins our confidence, just as he wins Victor's (by the second act, Mike Gunn, as Solomon, had the audience laughing every time he popped through the bedroom door). But he, too, has sorrows. He dreams of his daughter, who took her life half a century ago. "If she came back," he wonders, "what would I say to her?"

When Victor's wealthy surgeon brother walks through the door, the atmosphere on stage changes. (As Walter, Tony Lentini was every inch the successful man who gave up nothing.) But when Walter begins to speak plainly about his life, we find that he, too, is unhappy, and envies what he thinks is Victor's moral success. This would be too pat a resolution, but Arthur Miller doesn't leave us here. The brothers go on to reveal more and uglier truths, destroying forever the myths of the past they've lived by. When the curtain falls, we've seen that each of the four characters is — well, human: foolish, selfish, and heroic too, as people must be to survive.

Community theater personalizes playgoing in a way professional theater can't. When we see our friends on stage, or when we act ourselves, we're thrust right into both the story of the play and the experience of acting. It's more than mere entertainment; it's a collaboration between actors and audience to understand what makes a community — the people, their stories, their disappointments, and their dreams.

There are unexpected pleasures, too.

A muffled clunking and whirring behind me toward the end of the first act turned out to be volunteers brewing free coffee for intermission. Free coffee! You won't find that in Ashland.

The Price has closed, but you can get in on the act when the Barnstormers present Noel Coward's *Present Laughter* in November.

Recordings

Peter Gaulke



Prophet sans honor

THOUGH HE'S deeply rooted in Chicago's West Side blues tradition, you won't find veteran bluesman Luther Allison frequenting the city's blues clubs these days. Insufficiently appreciated in his own country, Allison now lives in Paris, and does most of his recording in European studios.

It's been nearly a quarter of a century since Allison made his debut in 1969 on Chicago's legendary Delmark label. In the decade before that, he learned his trade from Chicago's finest guitarists, working as a sideman with Magic Sam, Jimmy Dawkins, Otis Rush, and Mighty Joe Young, and even playing with Texas great Freddy King. During this period, Allison established himself as one of Chicago's most emotionally charged guitar voices, and his fine Delmark debut landed him a reportedly lucrative contract with the Motown-owned Gordy label. But three low-selling, overproduced R&B and blues-rock LPs put an end to that relationship and, when a brief stint in the late '70s with the poorly distributed Rumble label did nothing to bring Allison the fame his high-energy performances at the now-legendary Ann Arbor blues festivals clearly merited, rather than continue playing colleges and small clubs he imitated the example of other great bluesmen and moved to Europe, where he found the acceptance denied him at home.

Allison's European address means his fans in the U.S. will have to pay a few dollars more for his latest release, *Hand Me Down My Moonshine*, on the German



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label Inak. But even if you have to special-order this all-acoustic recording, you'll be glad you went to the trouble.

Acoustic collections from musicians who made their reputation in the electric market are in vogue these days, but this isn't Allison's first acoustic venture. Others of his European releases have had acoustic tracks, though *Moonshine* is his first to exclude the electric guitar altogether.

Moonshine's 12 tracks — ten of them Allison originals — allow the guitarist plenty of room for musical expression. Most of the cuts run to over five minutes, and two stretch beyond eight, though the music never sacrifices its sense of urgency and intensity to this expansiveness.

Allison has always had an excitingly smooth voice, but he's also never been out of place singing the most guttural blues standards, and *Moonshine* provides an ideal showcase for a voice that's only gotten better with age. Indeed, Allison's intonation and texture, coupled with his instinctive emphasis on phrasing, turn several of the tracks into a fusion of music and poetry.

IRONICALLY, THE VOCALS are the major disappointment here. The DAT technology makes them sound as if you were listening to Allison from a ringside table in a nightclub and hearing him simultaneously over the club's sound system. Still, disappointing though this is, it doesn't detract substantially from the great merits of *Moonshine*.

The release features two non-traditional blues offerings. "I Need a Friend" has a distinctive urban feel, while "Castle" is a ballad that does a terrific job of highlighting Allison's subtle vocals. The rest of the CD is all straight blues, authentic and unmistakable, thanks to the honesty that everywhere informs Allison's music.

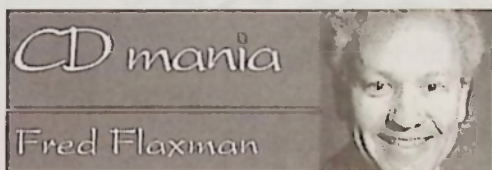
"She's Fine" is a jumping tune with a steady bass line that keeps your foot tapping to the beat. "Stay With Me," a major highlight, is filled with great guitar solos and classic Chicago blues riffs. And in "Farmer's Child," a song about a young country boy moving to the big city, you'll be tempted to think Allison is talking about his own move to Paris.

On the title track, "Hand Me Down

My Moonshine," Allison takes the traditional Delta blues backbeat and overlays it with West Side Chicago lead work to create a refreshing, listenable combination. This track is of particular interest because it brings him together with his son, Bernard, who plays acoustic slide guitar and provides background vocals. Father and son have recorded together before, but on acoustic instruments the blending of their styles is especially exciting. Bernard accompanies his father brilliantly, without overpowering him.

Music reviewers have a tendency to be overly analytical, but blues is above all about feeling, and *Moonshine* is chock full of that. If you're a fan of Allison or of Chicago blues, you won't want to miss this recording.

Peter Gaulke hosts *Confessin' the Blues* on Jefferson Public Radio's Rhythm & News Service.



How to get kids to love the classics

IS THERE ANY WAY under the sun to get teenagers to listen to Bach instead of Bowie, or Sibelius instead of Sting?

When my kids were growing up, I had a theory that, if I just surrounded them with classical music, they'd naturally grow to love it. This was one of several parental practices I stubbornly clung to, against all evidence to the contrary. And so I played Faure for my daughter when she was a foetus, Enescu when she was an infant, Tartini when she was a toddler, etc. But that didn't stop her from preferring The Who when she was in the womb, the Beatles when she was a baby, the Grateful Dead as she grew up — and God knows who now, since I can't tell rock from reggae.

Naturally, I surrounded my daughter with public television and important books, too, with the same spectacular lack of success. When she was a

teenager, she watched soap operas, and she wouldn't have read *Survival of the Human Race* if the survival of the human race had depended on it.

In a word, though I didn't discover it till it was too late, I was doing everything wrong. The fact is that, if you want to raise a child to enjoy public TV, you've got to click past PBS as furtively as if the letters stood for Prurient Broadcasting and Sex. And similarly with classical music. Forbid the stuff ever to be played in your house, if you want your teens to catch on to Khachaturian.

As a society we've said no to drugs for a long time, and look where it's gotten us. Today, it's hard to find a youngster who hasn't tried a controlled substance. The logical thing, then, is to slap an X-rating on every classical album. Do that, and it won't be long before crack addicts are dealing *Coppelia* and potheads inhaling Puccini.

Flaxman's First Law of Adolescent Behavior is: *Teenagers want whatever their parents dislike*. So just say no to classical music, and concertos will provide the high previously obtained from cocaine.

I'm pleased to report that the imaginative folks at Intersound Entertainment seem to have been thinking along similar lines. Only instead of outlawing classical music, they've created an outlaw-type label called "counter culture/Classical Underground" for a series of classical CDs aimed at the youth market. Thus, the best-of-Beethoven sampler they've put together for the new label bears on its cover — as well as on the inevitable matching T-shirt — the in-your-face title "What Does a Deaf Guy Hear?" Other titles in the series include "Not Bad for a Kid" (music of Mozart), "Prolific in Every Respect" (Bach, with his 23 offspring), and "Long Hair, Loud Music" (movements from symphonies by eight composers).

NEEDLESS TO SAY, the liner notes on these collections are written with the target audience in mind. Typical is "Long Hair, Loud Music," which describes Beethoven's Fifth as having "more punch than a fifth of jack," and confines its observations on Saint-Saens' "Organ" Symphony to a coy "no comment."

Fortunately, this juvenile humor is

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limited to the packaging. The music itself, excerpted from Intersound's extensive classical-music library, is performed, not by Victor Borge, but by such respectable ensembles as the London Festival Orchestra and the Berlin Symphony. Not one note has been changed, and no digital synthesizer, rhythm section, or off-color harmony has been added. On the Beethoven CD, for instance, the adagio from the "Moonlight" Sonata is performed with all ten fingers on a real piano by Dubravka Tomsic, who bears none of the responsibility, I'm sure, for the description of the sonata on the label as a "major babe-magnet."

Okay, so this "underground" approach can be fairly condemned as a blatant attempt to pander to the tastes of teenage philistines. Still, I hope it works. I'd like to see a new generation hooked on classical music and, if contemporary graphics, bold T-shirts, bumper stickers, and silly jokes are what it takes to do the trick, I say go for it. What the heck, if it doesn't pan out, we can always try forbidding sales to anyone under 21.



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Books

Stephen Bailly

Asparagus, 89 cents a pound

Father, Know This, by James Anderson, Jr.
Unpublished; 122 pages; no price.

IN THIS PECULIAR little work, which I read in manuscript, the author, who died at 29 in a mysterious encounter with a freight train, tells, among other things, how his mother, Margaret Anderson, a homemaker and the wife of a respected real-estate agent, bumped heads at the supermarket one afternoon with another woman attracted by the identical bunch of asparagus.

"I'm so sorry!"

"No, it was my fault!"

Whereupon the two suddenly recognized each other, as former bridge partners who'd drifted apart following the graduation of their sons from Springfield High School ten years before. As they traded exclamations and embraces, Mrs. Anderson, a slim, fastidious woman of 53, reflected, not without satisfaction, that the interval hadn't been kind to dear Mrs. Fortgang, who'd given up on her appearance to the point where she no longer even bothered coloring her hair. But then Mrs. Anderson had always felt just a little superior to Mrs. Fortgang, with her husband who drove a panel truck and manufactured — what was it? — coat hangers, and her plodding son Melvyn, who'd had breasts like a girl.

"And how's Melvyn doing? I was just thinking about him the other day."

Expecting to hear he was about to be promoted from teller to loan officer, or something equally uplifting, Mrs. Anderson was startled when Mrs. Fortgang took out of her purse a photo of a distinguished-looking man with a well-behaved beard, only a trace of a paunch under the vest of his suit, and his arm around a suntanned blonde in a tennis costume. The happy couple were standing in front of a large white two-story suburban house, with three small

towheaded children disposed analytically about them.

"Melvyn?"

Mrs. Fortgang grinned.

"In college he majored in accounting, and we thought he might open a small practice of his own, but a classmate of his invented a kind of a part for computers — to this day I don't exactly understand what it does. Anyhow the two of them started their own business, with Melvyn managing the finances, and — well, to make a long story short, today they have 200 employees and a factory in Seattle."

Mrs. Anderson succeeded with difficulty in seeming only marginally impressed.

"I'm sure you must be very proud of him."

"I only wish they lived closer, but he flies us up twice a year, in the summer and at —"

"Oh, but look at the time!" Mrs. Anderson interrupted, with a theatrical glance at her wrist. "I'm sorry I can't stay and talk, but I've got to get dinner started."

"You're not going to run off without telling me about Bud?"

"Bud?" For a moment, Mrs. Anderson appeared at a loss to understand to whom the name pertained. "Oh, you mean Jim junior. Nobody's called him Bud in years. I'm afraid I don't carry his picture with me" — she managed to convey by her tone that she considered such a practice indescribably vulgar — "but he's as handsome as ever, you'll have to trust me on that."

"And what's he doing? I suppose something with cars. He was always on his back underneath one when the boys were growing up."

"Yes, but in his room he was writing

poetry," Mrs. Anderson retorted sharply.

"Poetry?"

The very asparagus seemed to prick up their tips at this announcement.

Mrs. Anderson continued with a hint of scorn: "Of course he could never admit it to Melvyn and the others. They'd have thought he was — you know. But all those years when he was supposed to be doing his homework, he was shut up in his room filling notebook after notebook.

"In material terms," she went on, "there's no question your Melvyn's doing vastly better. But Jim junior has the satisfaction of — of pursuing a higher calling, and the money'll come in time. In fact, it's already started to come. His first novel," she explained, while Mrs. Fortgang stared at her blankly, "was just accepted for publication."

"A novel!" Mrs. Fortgang gushed. "Oh, isn't that wonderful! Melvyn'll be thrilled when I tell him. He's always asking about Bud. But when's it coming out? What's it called? He'll want to buy copies for all his



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employees. They're like a family up there."

"In the fall," Mrs. Anderson said. "I'd tell you the title, but — but there's still some discussion about that. Just watch the paper. There'll be a big write-up when it gets to the stores. And now, Enid, I really can't stay another minute. If dinner isn't ready when he gets home from the office, Jim tends to be irritable

— you know how men are."

No one acquainted with Jim Anderson could have blamed Mrs. Fortgang for the skepticism with which she received this confidence. And indeed, far from being irritated on his return home by the absence of any sign of dinner, Mr. Anderson didn't begin to lose his habitual imperturbability till he discovered his wife in the living room, motionless on the sofa, with the blinds drawn, though the sun was disappearing on the other side of the house.

"Is something the matter, Margaret? Why are you sitting in the dark?"

She raised her eyes vaguely, as though the question had summoned her back from somewhere far off.

"Remember that disgusting Melvyn Fortgang — Bud's ridiculous friend in high school? I ran into his mother at the market."

"Fortgang? Let me think. Wasn't he the fat one?"

"Not anymore. He looks like — like Abraham Lincoln. She showed me his picture. But can you believe he has his own factory with 200 employees? Oh, it's too absurd!"

Mr. Anderson sighed, took his pipe from his pocket, and stuffed it with the chocolate-flavored tobacco he persisted in smoking only because nobody had ever had the character to inform him it stank.

"I think I sold the Bennett house."

Instead of congratulating him, she announced with defiance:

"I told her his book's coming out in the fall."

A sudden noise caused them both to glance up at the ceiling — a sharp creak, as if someone had just started up in bed.

"A nice young couple from the city. Why don't we have a bite out to celebrate?"

When she didn't answer, he sat down next to her and slipped an arm around her shoulders.

"I was going to make a casserole," she murmured. "Cheese and asparagus. The asparagus looks very fresh."

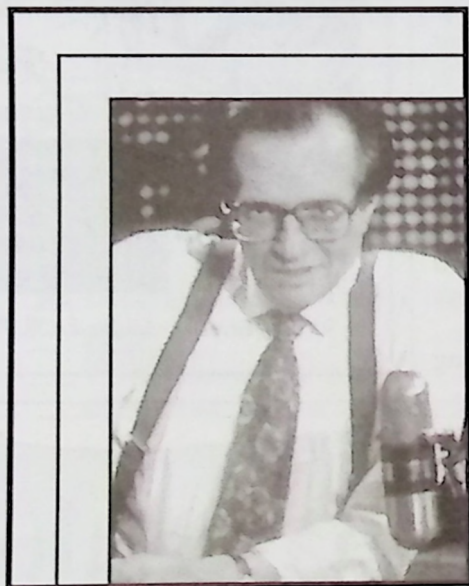
"It'll keep till tomorrow. . . . I suppose we should ask him to come with us."

"Yes, why *not*?" she called up to the ceiling. "We wouldn't want the *little bastard* to go without breakfast."

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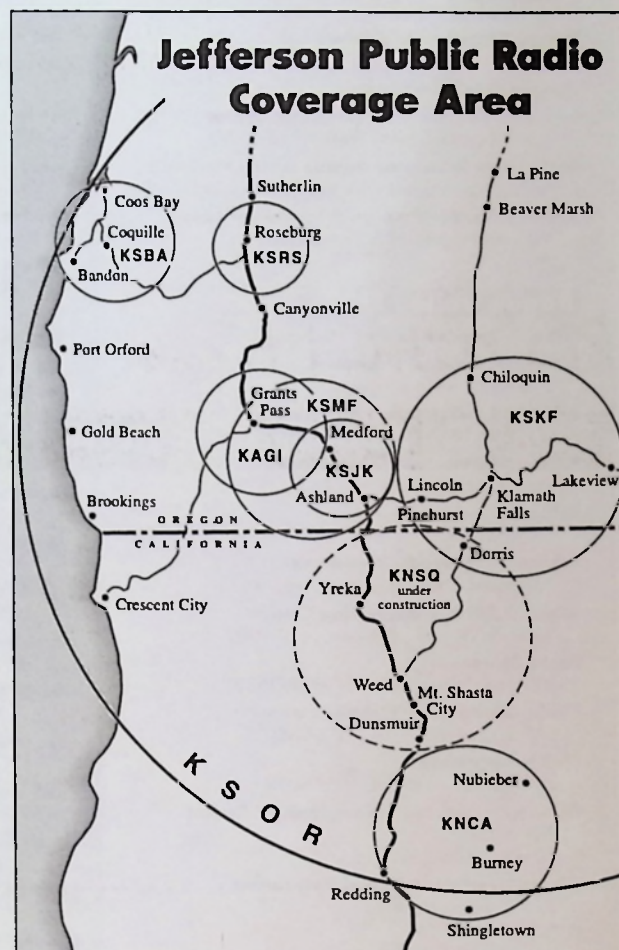
CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE KSOR / KSRS

Both FM services will broadcast JPR's monthly news call-in. This month's program deals with water. The recent regional drought, battles over Klamath Lake's water, and the pressures of growth on municipal water systems are all issues that have focused our attention on this precious resource. Are we using water wisely? Do we have enough? Tune in Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 p.m.

The call-in program will be preceded by a special NPR broadcast, "Radio Expeditions — Water: Thirsting for Tomorrow," a joint production of NPR news and the National Geographic Society, at 6:30 p.m. Lynn Neary and Alex Chadwick co-host this special, which travels to Egypt, Florida, and the Southwest to examine problems with water.

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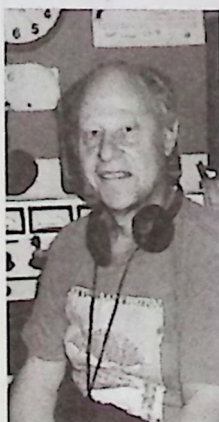


Volunteer Profile: Milt Goldman

Milt Goldman, the new host of Sunday's edition of Siskiyou Music Hall, retired to the Rogue Valley in June from the Washington, D.C., area (Kensington, Maryland), where he owned a number of restaurants and a catering business. Prior to that, he taught high school in New York city. He retired to the west coast to be closer to his children.

Milt grew up on Long Island, and got his love of classical music early. "My father was a music teacher, and a wonderful violinist. I remember as a child sitting at the top of the steps to hear him practice — he played beautifully. He also often took me to Carnegie Hall."

Although Jefferson Public Radio is Milt's first experience behind the microphone, he's been behind the scenes in the broadcasting world before: two of his catering firm's Washington clients were the ABC television programs "Nightline" and "Good Morning America." We at JPR are pleased to welcome Milt to our staff, and to be able to share his talents with our listeners.



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Bandon	91.7	Happy Camp	91.9
Big Bend, CA	91.3	Jacksonville	91.9
Brookings	91.1	Klamath Falls	90.5
Burney	90.9	Lakeview	89.5
Callahan	89.1	Langlois, Sixes	91.3
Camas Valley	88.7	LaPine, Beaver Marsh	89.1
Canyonville	91.9	Lincoln	88.7
Cave Junction	90.9	McCloud, Dunsuir ..	88.3
Chiloquin	91.7	Merrill, Malin, Tulelake	91.9
Coquille	88.1	Port Orford	90.5
Coos Bay	89.1	Parts of Port Orford, Coquille	91.9
Crescent City	91.7	Redding	90.9
Dead Indian-Emigrant Lake	88.1	Roseburg	91.9
Ft. Jones, Etna	91.1	Sutherlin, Glide	89.3
Gasquet	89.1	Weed	89.5
Gold Beach	91.5	Yreka, Montague	91.5
Grants Pass	88.9		

CLASSICS & NEWS

KSOR 90.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSOR dial positions for translator communities
listed on previous page

KSRS 91.5 FM
ROSEBURG

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	4:30 Jefferson Daily	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
7:00 First Concert	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 First Concert	8:00 Millennium of Music
12:00 News	6:30 Marketplace	10:30 NPR World of Opera	9:30 St. Paul Sunday Morning
12:10 Siskiyou Music Hall	7:00 State Farm Music Hall	2:00 Chicago Symphony	11:00 Siskiyou Music Hall
4:00 All Things Considered	7:30 Ashland City Band	4:00 All Things Considered	2:00 Cincinnati Pops
		5:00 America and the World	3:00 Classical Countdown
		5:30 Pipedreams	4:00 All Things Considered
		7:00 State Farm Music Hall	5:00 State Farm Music Hall

Rhythm & News

KSMF 89.1 FM
ASHLAND

KSBA 88.5 FM
COOS BAY

KSKF 90.9 FM
KLAMATH FALLS

KAGI AM 930
GRANTS PASS

KNCA 89.7 FM
BURNLEY

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Morning Edition	Iowa Radio Project (Wednesdays)	6:00 Weekend Edition	6:00 Weekend Edition
9:00 Open Air	Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursdays)	10:00 Car Talk	9:00 Jazz Sunday
3:00 Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz (Fridays)	Creole Gumbo Radio Show (Fridays)	11:00 Living on Earth	2:00 BluesStage
4:00 All Things Considered	9:30 Dracula (Wenesdays)	11:30 Jazz Revisited	3:00 Confessin' the Blues
6:30 Jefferson Daily	9:30 Ken Nordine's Word Jazz (Thursdays)	12:00 Riverwalk: Live from the Landing	4:00 New Dimensions
7:00 Echoes	10:00 Jazz (Mon-Wed)	1:00 Afropop Worldwide	5:00 All Things Considered
9:00 Le Show (Mondays)	Jazzset (Thursdays)	2:00 World Beat Show	6:00 Folk Show
Selected Shorts (Tuesdays)	Vintage Jazz (Fridays)	5:00 All Things Considered	8:00 Thistle & Shamrock
		6:00 Rhythm Revue	9:00 Music from the Hearts of Space
		8:00 Grateful Dead Hour	10:00 Possible Musics
		9:00 The Retro Lounge	
		10:00 Blues Show	

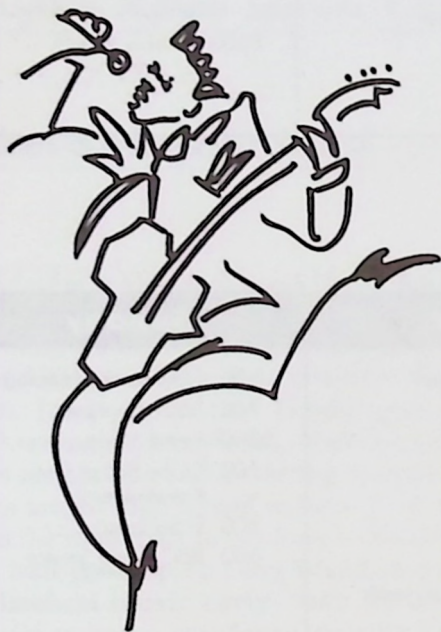
News & Information

KSIK AM 1230
TALENT

Monday through Friday		Saturday	Sunday
5:00 Monitoradio Early Edition	Software/Hardtalk (Friday)	6:00 Monitoradio Weekend	6:00 CBC Sunday Morning
5:50 Marketplace Morning Report	1:00 Monitoradio	7:00 BBC Newsdesk	9:00 BBC Newshour
6:50 JPR Local and Regional News	1:30 Pacifica News	7:30 Inside Europe	10:00 Sound Money
8:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 The Jefferson Exchange (Monday)	8:00 Sound Money	11:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge
9:00 Monitoradio	Monitoradio (Tuesday-Friday)	9:00 BBC Newshour	2:00 El Sol Latino
10:00 BBC Newshour	3:00 Marketplace	10:00 To Be Announced	8:00 BBC World Service
11:00 People's Pharmacy (Monday)	3:30 As It Happens	10:30 Talk of the Town	
The Parents Journal (Tuesday)	5:00 BBC Newshour	11:00 Zorba Pastor on Your Health	
Voices in the Family (Wednesday)	6:00 The Jefferson Daily	12:00 The Parents Journal	
New Dimensions (Thursday)	6:30 Marketplace	1:00 SOSC Football	
Quirks and Quarks (Friday)	7:00 The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour	5:00 To the Best of Our Knowledge	
12:00 BBC Newsdesk	8:00 BBC Newshour	8:00 BBC World Service	
12:30 Talk of the Town (Monday)	9:00 Pacifica News		
The American Reader (Tuesday)	9:30 BBC Newsdesk		
51 Percent (Wednesday)	10:00 BBC World Service		
Milky Way Starlight Theater (Thursday)			

ANOTHER CHANCE TO DANCE

The most original, danceable music series on radio goes global.



**Saturdays at 1pm
on the
Rhythm & News
Service**

FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

CLASSICS & NEWS SERVICE

Monday-Friday

5:00-6:50 am • Morning Edition

The latest in-depth international and national news from National Public Radio, with host Bob Edwards.

6:50-7:00 am • JPR Morning News

Includes weather for the region and Russell Sadler's Oregon Outlook commentaries.

7:00am-Noon • First Concert

Classical music, with hosts Pat Daly and Peter Van De Graaff. Includes: NPR news at 7:01 and 8:01, *Star Date* at 7:35 am, *Marketplace Morning Report* at 8:35 am, *As It Was* at 9:30, and the *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00 am

Noon-12:15pm • NPR News, Regional Weather and Calendar of the Arts

12:15-4:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Classical Music, hosted by Russ Levin. Includes *As It Was* at 1:00 pm and *Star Date* at 3:30 pm.

4:00-4:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams. Continues at 5:00 pm.

4:30-5:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

5:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

6:30-7:00pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson and Josephine County State Farm Insurance agents bring you classical music every night, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Saturday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

National and international news from NPR, including analysis from NPR's senior news analyst, Daniel Schorr.

8:00-10:30am • First Concert

Classical music to start your weekend, hosted by Pat Daly and Russ Levin. Includes *Nature Notes* with Dr. Frank Lang at 8:30am, *Calendar of the Arts* at 9:00am, *As It Was* at 9:30am and *Speaking of Words* with Wen Smith at 10:00am.

10:30-2:00pm • NPR World of Opera

Interesting series of operas recorded in the Netherlands, including a performance on Aug. 14 of

Tchaikovsky's rarely performed opera *Charodeyka*.

2:00-4:00pm • The Chicago Symphony

Weekly concerts featuring the CSO conducted by Music Director Daniel Barenboim as well as distinguished guest conductors.

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest international and national news from NPR.

5:00-5:30pm • America and the World

Richard C. Hottelet hosts this weekly discussion of foreign affairs, produced by NPR.

5:30-7:00pm • Pipedreams

Michael Barone's weekly program devoted to music for the pipe organ.

7:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance Agents bring you classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

Sunday

6:00-8:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

8:00-9:30am • Millenium of Music

Robert Aubry Davis surveys the rich – and largely unknown – treasures of European music up to the time of J.S. Bach.

9:30-11:00am • St. Paul Sunday Morning

Exclusive chamber music performances produced for the public radio audience, featuring the world's finest soloists and ensembles. Bill McLaughlin hosts.

11:00-2:00pm • Siskiyou Music Hall

Thomas Price brings you music from Jefferson Public Radio's classical library.

2:00pm • The Cincinnati Pops

Erich Kunzel conducts this series of pops concerts. Begins Oct. 10.

3:00pm • Classical Countdown

Rich Caparella hosts this review of the nation's favorite classical recordings. Special segments include "Turkey of the Week."

4:00-5:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest news from NPR.

5:00-2:00am • State Farm Music Hall

Your participating Jackson County State Farm Insurance agents present classical music, with hosts Scott Kuiper and Peter Van De Graaff.

November Highlights

* indicates composer's birthday

First Concert

- Nov 1 M ROSSINI: "Semiramide" Overture
Nov 2 T CHOPIN: Barcarolle
Nov 3 W VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Lark Ascending*
Nov 4 Th HAYDN: Symphony No. 22
Nov 5 F PROKOFIEV: *Winter Bonfire*

- Nov 8 M POULENC: Flute Sonata
Nov 9 T MOZART: *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*
Nov 10 W BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 4
Nov 11 Th RIMSKY KORSAKOV: *Capriccio Espagnole*
Nov 12 M COPLAND: *Appalachian Spring*

- Nov 15 M CORELLI: Violin Sonata in A
Nov 16 T STRAVINSKY: *Firebird*
Nov 17 W HANDEL: "Tra le Fiamme"
*Nov 18 Th WEBER: Quintet for clarinet and strings
Nov 19 F BRAHMS: "Haydn" Variations

- Nov 22 M SCHUMANN: *Carnaval*
Nov 23 T GRIEG: *Old Norwegian Romance*
Nov 24 W RESPIGHI: *Ancient Airs and Dances No. 2*
Nov 25 Th DVORAK: Symphony No. 9
Nov 26 F BACH: Mass in A

- Nov 29 M SCHUBERT: Piano Sonata in A
Nov 30 T HAYDN: Symphony No. 100

Siskiyou Music Hall

- Nov 1 M MOZART: Horn Concerto No. 4
Nov 2 T HANDEL: Concerto Grosso Op. 6, No. 5
Nov 3 W DVORAK: "In Nature's Realm"
Nov 4 Th MARTINU: Trio
Nov 5 F BACH: Flute Sonata in C

- Nov 8 M HOLST: *St. Paul's Suite*
Nov 9 T BEETHOVEN: "Leonore" Overture No. 3
Nov 10 W MAHLER: Symphony No. 1
Nov 11 Th SAINT-SAENS: Violin Sonata No. 1
Nov 12 F DEBUSSY: *La Mer*

- Nov 15 M NIELSEN: Symphony No. 5
Nov 16 T RACHMANINOFF: "Corelli" Variations
Nov 17 W SCHUBERT: Quintet in C
Nov 18 Th STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel*
Nov 19 F MENDELSSOHN: Symphony No. 5

- Nov 22 M BIZET: Symphony No. 1
Nov 23 T MOZART: Piano Quartet No. 1
Nov 24 W HAYDN: Cello Concerto in D
Nov 25 Th IVES: Symphony No. 3
Nov 26 F BACH: Brandenburg Concerto No. 1

- Nov 29 M BARBER: Violin Concerto
Nov 30 T BRAHMS: String Quartet No. 3

NPR World of Opera

- Nov 6 Opera special.
Nov 13 *The Flying Dutchman*, by Wagner. Cast: Wolfgang Schmidt, Tina Kiberg, Ute Prieu, Eike Wilm Schulte. Conductor: Donald C. Runnicles.
Nov 20 *Lohengrin*, by Wagner. Cast: Paul Frey, Eva Johannson, Ekkehard Wlaschiha, Linda Finnie, Eike Wilm Schulte. Conductor: Peter Schneider. (Begins at 10:00 a.m.)
Nov 27 To be announced.

Chicago Symphony

- Nov 6 Marathon.
Nov 13 Mozart: Clarinet Concerto in A, K. 622; Walton: Violin Concerto in B minor; Grieg: Piano Concerto in A minor. Leif Ove Andsnes, piano. Sharon Kam, clarinet. Kyoko Takezawa, violin. Lawrence Foster, conductor.
Nov 20 Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1, Op. 25 ("Classical"); Hindemith: Concert Music for String Orchestra and Brass; Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3 in A Minor, Op. 56 ("Scottish"). Kurt Masur, conductor.
Nov 27 Ravel: *Le Tombeau de Couperin*; Steven Mackey: World premiere of a CSO commission; Brahms: Symphony No. 2. Daniel Barenboim, conductor.

St. Paul Sunday Morning

- Nov 7 Special edition
Nov 14 Nigel North, lute. Sylvius Leopold Weiss: Sonata in D Minor; Prelude, Fantasia, and Fugue; Bach: Partita No. 2 in D minor.
Nov 21 Kim Kashkashian, viola, Charles Abramovic, piano. Falla: *Suite Populaire*; Milhaud: *Quatre Visages*; Britten: *Lachrymae*; Brahms: Sonata in E flat major, Op. 120, No. 2.
Nov 28 Boston Camerata: *Nueva Espana*— Music in the New World.

Cincinnati Pops

- Nov 7 At the Movies.
Nov 14 At the Opera.
Nov 21 A French Frolic.
Nov 27 Thanksgiving.

DID YOU KNOW?
*Underwriting on
Jefferson Public Radio
is fully tax-deductible*

TUNE IN

THE FOLK SHOW

Sundays 6pm on Rhythm & News

ECHOES

A DAILY
MUSIC
SOUNDSCAPE

Echoes is a
soundscape of
modern music.
Seamless,
shifting, flowing,
it bridges
new age,
minimalism,
space music,
new acoustic
music and world
fusion.

**Weekdays
at 7pm
on the
Rhythm &
News Service**

OPEN AIR

Tune-in to Jefferson Public

Radio's house blend of
jazz, contemporary, blues,

and new music. Join

Wynton Marsalis,

B.B. King,

The

Talking

Heads,

Ottmar Leibert, Ricky Lee

Jones, Bob Marley, Miles

Davis, Joni Mitchell, Pat

Metheny and others on a

musical journey that

crosses conventions.

JEFFERSON PUBLIC RADIO
Rhythm & News

Monday-Thursday
9am-4pm
Fridays 9am-3pm

Rhythm & News Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-9:00am • Morning Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Bob Edwards.

9:00-4:00pm • Open Air

An upbeat blend of contemporary jazz, blues, world beat and pop music, hosted by Keith Henty and Colleen Pyke. Includes NPR news updates at a minute past each hour, Ask Dr. Science at 9:30 am, As It Was at 10:30am and Birdwatch at 2:30pm.

4:00-6:30pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR, with hosts Linda Wertheimer, Robert Siegel, and Noah Adams.

6:30-7:00pm • The Jefferson Daily

Jefferson Public Radio's weekday magazine, with regional news, interviews, features and commentary.

7:00-9:00pm • Echoes

John Diliberto blends exciting contemporary music into an evening listening experience both challenging and relaxing.

9:00-10:00pm • Monday: Le Show

Actor and satirist Harry Shearer (one of the creators of the spoof band "Spinal Tap") creates this weekly mix of music and very biting satire.

9:00-10:00pm • Tuesday: Selected Shorts

Want someone to tell you a story? This series from NPR, recorded live at New York City's Symphony Space, features some of this country's finest actors reading short stories.

9:00-9:30pm • Wed.: Iowa Radio Project

9:30pm • Wed.: Dracula

9:00-9:30pm • Thursday: The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins and Traci Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, cultures and places that make up the human side of astronomy.

9:30-10:00pm • Thursday: Ken Nordine's Word Jazz

Strange and wonderful word/sound journeys from one of the most famous voices in broadcasting.

9:00-10:00pm • Friday: The Creole Gumbo Radio Show

Host Jerry Embree serves up a spicy gumbo of music Louisiana, including soul and R&B, Cajun folk, blues and zydeco.

10:00-11:00pm • Thursday: Jazzset

NPR's weekly show devoted to live jazz, hosted by saxophonist Branford Marsalis.

10:00-2:00pm • Jazz

Contemporary, mainstream, big band, fusion, avant-garde - a little of everything. Fridays are devoted to vintage jazz.

Saturday

6:00-10:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR.

10:00-11:00am • Car Talk

Click & Clack, the Tappet Bros., also known as Tom and Ray Magliozzi, mix excellent automotive advice with their own brand of offbeat humor. Is it possible to skin your knuckles and laugh at the same time?

11:00-11:30am • Living on Earth

NPR's weekly magazine devoted to environmental news, hosted by Steve Curwood.

11:30-Noon • Jazz Revisited

Hazen Schumacher brings you the best of the first three decades of recorded American jazz: 1917-1947.

Noon-1:00pm • Riverwalk: Live from the Landing

Six months of classic jazz from the Landing in San Antonio, Texas, with the Jim Cullum Jazz Band.

1:00-2:00pm • AfroPop Worldwide

One of the benefits of the shrinking world is the availability of new and exciting forms of music. African broadcaster Georges Collinet brings you the latest pop music from Africa, the Caribbean, South America and the Middle East.

2:00-5:00pm • The World Beat Show

Thom Little brings you Afropop, reggae, calypso, soca, salsa, and many other kinds of upbeat world music.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • Rhythm Revue

Felix Hernandez hosts two hours of classic soul, R&B and roots rock.

8:00-9:00pm • The Grateful Dead Hour

David Gans with a weekly tour through the nearly endless archives of concert recordings by the legendary band.

9:00-10:00pm • The Retro Lounge

Your host Lars presents all manner of musical oddities, rarities, and obscurities from the 1960s. Old favorites you've never heard before? Is it deja vu? Or what?

10:00-2:00am • The Blues Show

Jason Brummitt with the best in blues.

Sunday

6:00-9:00am • Weekend Edition

The latest national and international news from NPR, with host Liane Hansen – and a visit from "The Puzzle Guy."

9:00-2:00pm • Jazz Sunday

Contemporary jazz with host Michael Clark.

2:00-3:00pm • BluesStage

Our favorite live blues program moves to a new time. Ruth Brown hosts.

3:00-4:00pm • Confessin' the Blues

Peter Gaulke focuses on the rich legacy of recorded American blues.

4:00-5:00pm • New Dimensions

This weekly interview series focuses on thinkers on the leading edge of change. Michael and Justine Toms host.

5:00-6:00pm • All Things Considered

The latest national and international news from NPR.

6:00-8:00pm • The Folk Show

Keri Green brings you the best in contemporary folk music.

8:00-9:00pm • The Thistle and Shamrock

Fiona Ritchie's weekly survey of Celtic music from Ireland, Scotland and Brittany.

9:00-10:00pm • Music from the Hearts of Space

Contemporary, meditative "space music" hosted by Stephen Hill.

10:00-2:00am • Possible Musics

Space music and new age music in an interesting soundscape.

New Dimensions

- Nov 7 Bringing Art to Life, with Mbali Umoja
Nov 14 There Is No Second Planet, with Ed McGaa, Eagle Man
Nov 21 Becoming an Elder, with Mark Gerzon
Nov 28 The Eternal Feminine, with Marion Woodman

Confessin' the Blues

- Nov 7 Texas Blues Heroes
Nov 14 Piedmont Performs: Blues from the Carolinas
Nov 21 The Johnny Shines Legend
Nov 28 The Willie Dixon Legacy

Jazzset

- Nov 4 Special edition
Nov 11 Ken Peplowski Quintet
Nov 18 Dori Caymmi and Ivan Lins, Calyton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra
Nov 25 Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra

Thistle and Shamrock

- Nov 7 Special edition
Nov 13 Womensong
Nov 20 The Flower of Northumberland
Nov 27 The Emigrant's Suite



Marian McPartland of 'Piano Jazz'

November Highlights

Marian McPartland's Piano Jazz

- Nov 5 Special edition with Branford Marsalis
Nov 12 Kenny Kirkland
Nov 19 Andrea Marcovicci
Nov 26 Billy Childs

AfroPop Worldwide

- Nov 6 Special edition
Nov 13 Up the Niger
Nov 20 The Roots of Soca
Nov 27 New Release Party

BluesStage

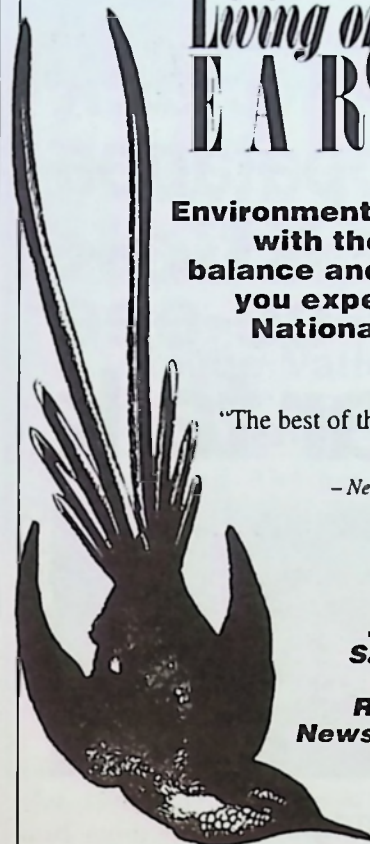
- Nov 6 Special edition
Nov 13 Dorothy Moore
Nov 20 Etta James!
Nov 27 Little Buster and the Soul Brothers

Living on EARTH

Environmental news with the depth, balance and clarity you expect from National Public Radio.

"The best of the eco-radio programs."

— *New Age Journal*



**Saturdays at 11am
Rhythm & News Service**



Join BluesStage producer, Felix Hernandez, for two hours of great American music – roots rock, soul, and R & B.

**Saturdays at 6pm
Rhythm & News**

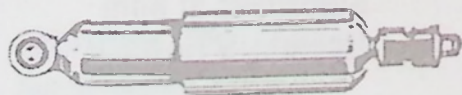
roarsqueal
clickclack
tappatappa
ticktick
ee-ee-eee
car talk



Mixing
wisecracks
with
muffler
problems
and
word puzzles

with wheel
alignment,
Tom & Ray
Magliozzi
take the fear
out of car repair.

Saturdays at 10am on the
Rhythm & News Service



FROM NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO

News & Information Service

Monday-Friday

5:00-8:00am • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Includes:

5:50am • Marketplace Morning Report

6:50am • JPR Local and Regional News

8:00am-9:00am • BBC Newshour

News from around the world from the world service of the British Broadcasting Company.

9:00am-10:00 a.m. • Monitoradio

10:00am-11:00am • BBC Newshour

11:00am-Noon Monday • People's Pharmacy

11:00am-Noon Tuesday • The Parents Journal

11:00am-Noon Wednesday • Voices in the Family

Dan Gottlieb, a psychologist and family therapist, hosts this weekly program devoted to issues of mental and emotional health.

11:00am-Noon Thursday • New Dimensions

11:00am-Noon Friday • Quirks and Quarks

The CBC's award-winning science program.

12:00-12:30pm • BBC Newsdesk

The latest international news from the BBC World Service.

12:30pm-1:00pm Monday • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Tuesday • The American Reader

Interviews with authors of the latest books.

12:30pm-1:00pm Wednesday • 51 Percent

Features and interviews devoted to women's issues.

12:30pm-1:00pm Thursday • The Milky Way Starlight Theatre

Richard Moeschl, Brian Parkins, and Traci Ann Batchelder create this weekly look at the people, culture, and places that make up the human side of

astronomy.

12:30pm-1:00pm Friday • Software/Hardtalk

Computer expert John C. Dvorak demystifies the dizzying changes in the world of computers.

1:00pm-1:30pm • Monitoradio

The latest national and international news.

1:30pm-2:00pm • Pacifica News

National and international news from the Pacifica News Service.

2:00pm-3:00pm Monday • The Jefferson Exchange

Wen Smith, Ken Marlin, and Mary Margaret Van Diest host a call-in discussion of issues of importance to southern Oregon.

2:00pm-3:00pm Tuesday-Friday • Monitoradio

The afternoon edition of the daily news magazine from the radio news service of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Marketplace

The day's business and financial news, with host Jim Angle.

3:30pm-5:00pm • As It Happens

National and international news from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

5:00pm-6:00pm • BBC Newshour

6:00pm-6:30pm • The Jefferson Daily

Local and regional news magazine produced by Jefferson Public Radio.

6:30pm-7:00pm • Marketplace

A repeat broadcast of the 3:00pm program.

7:00pm-8:00pm • The MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour

The audio of the award-winning PBS TV news program, provided with the cooperation of the Newshour and Southern Oregon Public Television.

8:00pm-9:00pm • BBC Newshour

The latest international news from the British Broadcasting Corporation.

9:00pm-9:30pm • Pacifica News

Repeat of the 1:30pm broadcast.

9:30pm-10:00pm • BBC Newsdesk
10:00pm-11:00pm • BBC World Service

Saturday

6:00am-7:00am • Monitoradio Weekend

7:00am-7:30am • BBC Newsdesk

7:30am-8:00am • Inside Europe

A weekly survey of European news produced by Radio Deutsche Welle in Cologne, Germany.

8:00am-9:00am • Sound Money

Bob Potter hosts this weekly program of financial advice. (Repeats Sunday at 10:00am.)

9:00am-10:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00am-10:30am • To Be Announced

10:30am-11:00am • Talk of the Town

Claire Collins hosts this interview program devoted to local and regional issues. (Repeats Mondays at 12:30pm.)

11:00am-12:00 Noon • Zorba Paster on Your Health

Family practitioner Zorba Paster, MD, hosts this live national call-in about your personal health.

12:00pm-1:00pm • The Parents Journal

Parenting in the '90s is tougher than ever. On this weekly program, host Bobbi Connor interviews experts in education, medicine, and child development for helpful advice to parents.

1:00pm-2:00pm • C-SPAN'S Weekly Radio Journal

A collection of voices heard on cable TV's public-affairs network.

2:00pm-3:00pm • Commonwealth Club of California

Lectures and discussions from one of the oldest and largest public-affairs forums in the U.S. The Club's non-partisan policy strives to bring a balanced viewpoint on all issues.

3:00pm-3:30pm • Second Thoughts

David Horowitz hosts this weekly program of interviews and commentary from a conservative perspective.

3:30pm-4:00pm • Second Opinions

Erwin Knoll, editor of The Progressive magazine,

with a program of interviews from a left perspective.

4:00pm-5:00pm • BBC Newshour

A repeat of the 5:00pm broadcast.

5:00pm-8:00pm • To the Best of our Knowledge

Interviews, features, and discussions of contemporary politics, culture, and events.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

Sunday

6:00am-9:00am • CBC Sunday Morning

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's wrap-up of the week's news, including innovative documentaries on contemporary issues.

9:00-11:00am • BBC Newshour

10:00-11:00am • Sound Money

11:00am-2:00pm • To the Best of Our Knowledge

Interviews and features about contemporary political, economic, and cultural issues, produced by Wisconsin Public Radio.

2:00pm-8:00pm • El Sol Latino

Music, news and interviews by and for Southern Oregon's Spanish-speaking community - *en español*.

8:00pm-Midnight • BBC World Service

News and features from the British Broadcasting Service.

DID YOU KNOW?

80% of public radio's listeners hold a more positive image of companies that support public radio.

Arts Scene

Michele Smirl, Editor

Send announcements of arts-related events to: Arts Scene, Jefferson Public Radio, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland OR 97520. November 15 is the deadline for the January issue. For more information about arts events, listen to JPR's "Calendar of the Arts" weekdays at 10 a.m. and noon.

Rogue Valley

Theater

• **Fascinating Rhythm.** Ragtime, Charleston, swing, jazz, and Latin beats abound. So does dancing, including tap, jitterbug, tango, and a cinematic dream ballet. Performances Wednesday through Sunday nightly at 8 through Nov. 6. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

• **The Holiday Broadcast of 1943** takes the audience back to Christmas Eve, 1943, when a group of servicemen and women are creating an all-star radio broadcast. Performances nightly at 8 from Nov. 26 through Dec. 31, except Nov. 30 and Dec. 7, 14, 24, and 25. Matinees on Dec. 5, 12, 19, and 26. Low-priced previews on Nov. 23-24. Oregon Cabaret Theatre, 1st and Hargadine, Ashland. 503-488-2902.

• **The Small Town Children's Christmas**, by P. K. Hallinan. Nov. 26 through Dec. 28 at 7:30 p.m., with Saturday matinees at 2. Gala opening and reception Nov. 26. All performances at Carpenter Hall in Ashland. Cygnet Theatre Group. 503-488-2945.

• **Clarence**, Booth Tarkington's Broadway comedy, will be presented by the SOSC theater department in a dinner-theater format on Nov. 4, 5, 6, 7, 11 (gala), 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, and 21. 503-552-6348.

Music

• The SOSC music department will present the following concerts:

—Nov. 5, 8 p.m., \$5: Faculty keyboard recital.

—Nov. 12, 8 p.m., \$5: Jillon Stoppels Dupree, harpsichord.

—Nov. 14, 4 p.m., free: Joe Austin, piano.

—Nov. 18, 8 p.m., \$3/\$2/\$2: **SOSC Symphonic Band**, International Conductors Concert.

All performances in the Music Recital Hall at SOSC, 1250 Siskiyou Blvd., Ashland. 503-552-6101.

•The tenth anniversary season of the **Chamber Music Concerts** begins with the **American Chamber Players** at 8 p.m. on Nov. 19 in the Music Building Recital Hall at Southern Oregon State College. 503-552-6154.

•**Leanna Serios** will conduct the **Youth Symphony of Southern Oregon** on Nov. 6 at 7 p.m. at the First Baptist Church in Grants Pass and on Nov. 7 at 3 p.m. at the SOSC Music Recital Hall in Ashland. Admission free. 503-482-2937.

•**The Hymn Festival at St. Mark's** will feature church choirs from Grants Pass, Ashland, and Medford on Nov. 14 at 4 p.m. at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, 5th and Oakdale, Medford. For more information, call Dr. Margaret Evans of the SOSC music department at 503-552-6101 or 503-773-3111.

•**The Rogue Valley Symphony Orchestra Showcase** will feature works by Beethoven, Ravel, and Rachmaninoff on Nov. 12 at 8 p.m. at the SOSC Music Hall, on Nov. 13 at 8 p.m. at the First Baptist Church in Grants Pass, and on Nov. 15 at 4 p.m. at South Medford High School. For more information, call 503-488-2521.

Exhibits

•**Ritual Spirits: The Art of New Guinea** (through Nov. 5). Also, **Measure 5 and the Arts** (through Nov. 5). **The Submuloc Show/Columbus Wohs** opens Nov. 11 and continues through Dec. 17, with an opening reception on Nov. 8 from 7 to 9 p.m. Exhibit hours: Tuesday - Friday, 11-5; Saturday, 1-5. **Schneider Museum of Art**, Siskiyou and Indiana, Ashland. 503-552-6245.

•**Bruce Butte: Watercolors**. Opens Nov. 5, with a reception on Nov. 6 from 5 to 7. **4th Street Garden Gallery & Cafe**, 265 4th, Ashland. 503-488-6263.

•**Functional pottery and acrylic paintings by Lynn Rothan**. Through Nov. 7. **Hanson Howard Gallery**, 82 N. Main, Ashland. 503-488-2562.

•**State of Jefferson Biannual Juried Exhibition**. Through Nov. 18. **Rogue Gallery**, 40 South Bartlett St., Medford. 503-772-8118.

•**The Siskiyou Woodcraft Guild** will present its 14th annual Harvest Show of Fine Woodworking on Nov. 26-28 in the Shakespeare Great Hall, Main and Pioneer, Ashland. 503-482-4829.

Other events

•**The Southern Oregon Chapter of the American Guild of Organists and St. Mark's Episcopal Church** will lead children of all ages on a tour of St. Mark's new Bond pipe organ. St. Mark's Episcopal Parish, 5th and Oakdale, Medford. 503-773-3111.

Klamath Basin

Theater

•**The Voice of the Prairie**, by John Olive; directed by Guy Jakubowski. Nov. 19-Dec. 11. **Linkville Players**, 507 Main, Klamath Falls. 503-884-6782.

•**Follies: The Musical**, by Steven Sondheim. Nov. 5-6 at 7:30 p.m.; Nov. 7 at 6 p.m.; Nov. 11-13 at 7:30 p.m. **Ross Ragland Theater**, 218 N. 7th, Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

•**Beauty and the Beast**. Nov. 8 at 7:30 p.m. **Ross Ragland Theater**, 218 N. 7th, Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

Music

•**Margaret Becker** performs gospel music. Nov. 15 at 7:30 p.m. **Ross Ragland Theater**, 218 N. 7th, Klamath Falls. 503-884-0651.

Umpqua Valley

Music

•**Music at Noon: Gallery; Booher Brothers**; folk music on the Oregon Trail. Nov. 9. **Umpqua Community College**, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

•**Umpqua Community College Choir and Vocal Jazz Concert**. Bach to Bernstein. **Centerstage Theatre**, Fine Arts Bldg. Nov. 8 at 8 p.m. **Umpqua Community College**, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Exhibits

•**Mixed Media/Christmas Fantasy**. **Hallie Brown Ford Gallery** at Umpqua Valley Arts Center, 1624 W. Harvard Blvd., Roseburg. 503-672-2532.

•**Children Along the Oregon Trail**,

an interactive media experience for children, will be presented from Nov. 1 through Dec. 15. **Umpqua Community College**, 1140 Umpqua College Rd., Roseburg. 503-440-4600.

Coast

Theater

•**Arsenic and Old Lace**. Nov. 6-21; Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m. **Newport Performing Arts Center**, 777 W. Olive, Newport. 503-265-ARTS.

Music

•**The Banana Belters**, jazz ensemble plus voices. Nov. 7 at 3 p.m. **Redwood Theatre**, 621 Chetco Ave., Brookings. 503-469-5775.

Other events

•**The Pacific Dance Ensemble** will perform traditional Japanese and contemporary dance forms and movements. Nov. 26-Dec. 5. **Newport Performing Arts Center**, 777 W. Olive, Newport. 503-265-ARTS.

•**Calico Country Bazaar**. Nov. 20-21. For more information, call the **Gold Beach Chamber of Commerce** at 1-800-525-2334.

•**Festival of Lights**. Nov. 29. For more information, call the **Gold Beach Chamber of Commerce** at 1-800-525-2334.

Northern California

Theater

•**Little Murders**, by Jules Feiffer. Satire of modern American life recommended for mature audiences. Nov. 11-21. Call for time and ticket information. **Shasta College Fine Arts Division**, 11555 Old Oregon Trail, Redding. 916-225-4807.

Music

•**Robert Chen**, violinist, presented by the **Mount Shasta Community Concert Association**. Nov. 26 at 8 p.m. at **College of the Siskiyous Theatre**, Weed. 916-926-9984.

•**Robert Bluestone**, classical guitarist. Nov. 17 at 7:30 p.m. **Yreka Community Theater**, 810 N. Oregon, Yreka. 916-842-2355.



Chamber Music Concerts Presents

The 1993-1994 Five Concert Season

Concerts are held at Southern Oregon State College Music Building Recital Hall.



American Chamber Players

Friday, November 19, 1993 at 8:00 pm



Emerson String Quartet

Saturday, January 15, 1994
at 8:00 pm



Cavani String Quartet

with Joseph Thompson, Guitarist

Sunday, February 13, 1994
at 3:00 pm



André-Michel Schub Pianist

Sunday, March 6, 1994
at 3:00 pm



I Solisti di Zagreb Chamber Orchestra

Thursday, April 14, 1994 at 8:00 pm

Gala

Gala



■ Reserved

■ Unreserved

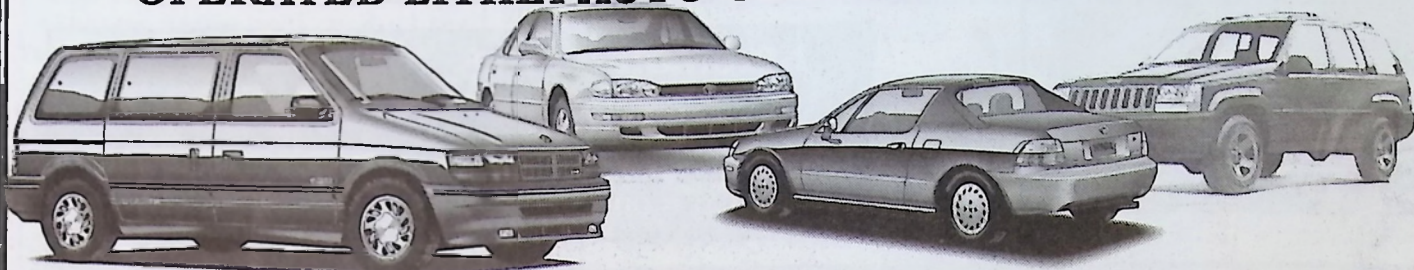
First Four Concerts.....**Sold Out**.....\$15⁰⁰ ea.

I Solisti di Zagreb\$22⁰⁰\$20⁰⁰

Order tickets by telephone: 503-552-6154, Mon. - Fri. 10:00am - 2:00 pm Use Visa or Mastercharge
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